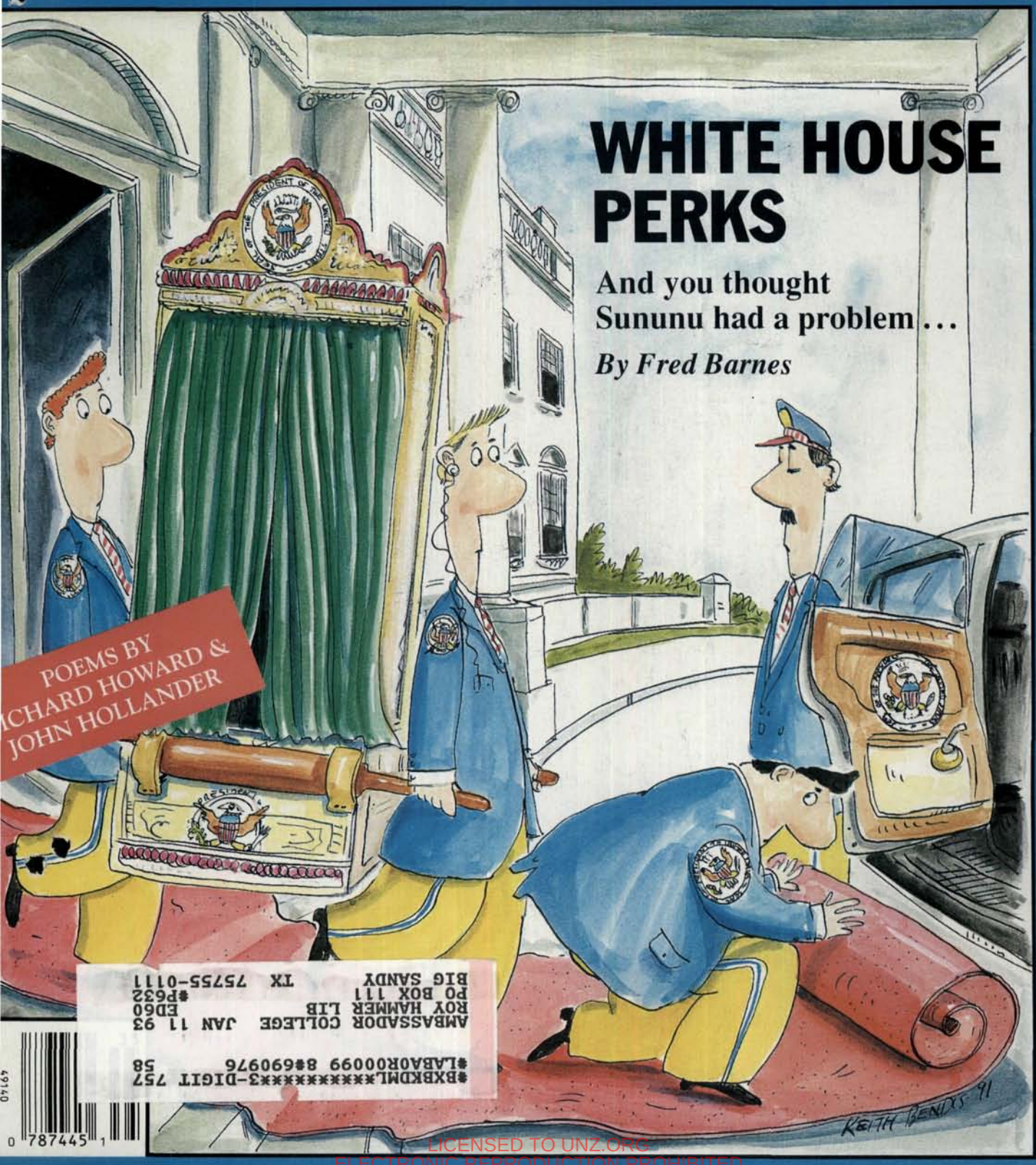
NATHAN GLAZER: IN DEFENSE OF MULTICULTURALISM

SEPTEMBER 2, 1991 • $2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Neocons v. Paleocons • Mozart on MTV • Clark Clifford & BCCI • Those Democratic wimps



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 11 93
ROY HAMMER LIB
PO BOX 111 #F632
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

*BXBKDML*********3-DIGIT 757
*LABAOR00099 8#609976 58

0 787445 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To protect the environment, we built an amazing new jet.

Amazing because it hits speeds up to 600 miles an hour. And amazing because it's made out of water. You see, this new jet was developed by Lufthansa engineers as a revolutionary way to strip old paint off planes before repainting. Unlike the past, when conventional chemical strippers had to be used, our new Aquastrip® eliminates all toxic waste by removing paint with high-speed jets of water. The process is 100% ecologically sound. Aquastripping is another example of the kind of passion you'll find at Lufthansa. A passion that carries people around the world better than any other airline. And a passion that's taking better care of the world itself.

A passion for perfection.℠

Lufthansa

Lufthansa is a participant in the mileage programs of United, Delta, USAir and Continental. See your Travel Agent for details.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

SEPTEMBER 2, 1991

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 3,998

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG (on leave)

Acting Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, MORTON KONDRACKE, JACOB WEISBERG, ROBERT WRIGHT

Editor, New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PETER BEJGER

Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Music
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD

Art
MARK STEVENS

Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, ROBERT COLES, STANLEY CROUCH, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ADAM MICHNIK, ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Assistant Editors
KAREN LEHRMAN, LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH

Assistant Literary Editor
ALEXANDER STAR

Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE

Production Manager
KRISTIN CONRADI

Production Associate
ANGELINA HAN

Reporter-Researchers
JESSE FURMAN, BRIAN HECHT, NEAL POLLACK, MATTHEW REES

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
H. EDWARD YOUNG

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Director
JENNIFER BARRETT

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

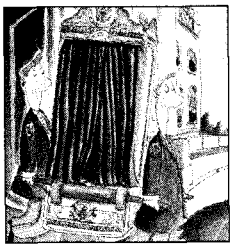
Circulation Manager
PATTI NAJDA

Advertising Assistant
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Accounting Assistant
CHRISTINE SCHAUT

Back Issues and Reception
CAROLYN PARHAM

Director of Joint Advertising Sales
The New Republic/National Review
JAMES J. McCABE



Cover by Keith Bendis for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 22.

4 **MICHAEL KINSLEY** TRB: NOBLESSE OBLIGE It's better than nothing.

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** Dershowitz's revenge, WASPs in elevators, &c.

7 **THE EDITORS** THE WIMPS FACTOR If George Bush is so terrible, why don't the top Democrats try running against him? NOTEBOOK Trash cans of color, &c.

9 **SUNIL SETHI** NEW DELHI POSTCARD: GANDHI CREST The soap opera continues.

10 **ROBERT D. KAPLAN** YUGO FIRST Any volunteers to sort out the Balkan mess?

12 **MORTON KONDRACKE** SENATOR LAZARUS Bill Bradley rises from the dead.

13 **RICHARD HOWARD** POEM *Isaiah xxxv, 1*

14 **JACOB WEISBERG** HUNTER GATHERERS Neoconservatives and paleoconservatives wage war with clubs, sticks, and a few million in foundation money.

16 **HOWARD L. ROSENBERG** SHEIK TO SHEIK When BCCI wanted to buy First American Bank in 1981 it was smart enough to buy Clark Clifford first.

18 **NATHAN GLAZER** IN DEFENSE OF MULTICULTURALISM A member of New York's Sobol Commission on multicultural education responds to his critics.

22 **FRED BARNES** ALL THE PRESIDENT'S PERKS From presidential cuff links to portal-to-portal limousine service, the White House is freebie city.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: BILLIONAIRES AND LESSER FOLK *Life Stinks* stinks; *Boyz N the Hood* gets too real; *Trust* deceives.

28 **EDWARD ROTHSTEIN** ON MUSIC: THE SIGHT OF MUSIC How videotape is transforming the appreciation of classical music.

33 **CASS R. SUNSTEIN** RIGHTALK *Rights Talk: The Impoverishment of Political Discourse* by Mary Ann Glendon

34 **JOHN HOLLANDER** POEM *Colored Illustration, Tipped-In*

37 **TINA ROSENBERG** THE GOD THAT FAILED AGAIN *Blood of Brothers: Life and War in Nicaragua* by Stephen Kinzer; *Inside Central America* by Clifford Krauss; *The Contras, 1980-1989: A Special Kind of Politics* by R. Pardo-Maurer

43 **HENDRIK HERTZBERG** WASHINGTON DIARIST: PENNSYLVANIA DREAMIN'

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 205, Number 10, Issue 3,998, September 2, 1991. (Printed in the U.S. on August 14, 1991.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 7 & 14, July 15 & 22, Aug. 19 & 26, and Sept. 16 & 23, 1991) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic/National Review joint advertising (212) 679-7330. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1991 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Noblesse oblige

On his way to Camp David for the first publicized meeting of his 1992 campaign advisers, President Bush stopped in the Rose Garden to take a poke at the "frantic Democrats" who "all go down to Pamela Harriman's farm down here—the bastion of democracy—and come back and tell me that we don't have a domestic program.

"C'mon," he added folksily, "lighten up out there."

Bush's point about Pamela Harriman's farm, I suppose, is that an estate in the Virginia hunt country is an odd place to reflect on the unmet needs of the poor and middle class. Or perhaps that anyone who partakes of a plutocrat's hospitality is unfit to criticize any aspect of American democracy. His larger purpose, of course, is to position himself—George Herbert Walker Bush of Andover and Skull and Bones—once again as an anti-elitist, as he did so brilliantly with his chatter about Harvard Yard in 1988.

It is true that the Democratic leadership, lacking access to taxpayer-financed Camp David, accepted Mrs. Harriman's invitation for their retreat rather than meeting in a downtown YMCA or wherever man-of-the-people George Bush might find morally more acceptable. It is even true that there is something comical about the role of Pamela Harriman—daughter of a British lord, ex-wife of a Tory prime minister's son (Randolph Churchill), widow of a robber baron's son (Averell Harriman)—as Mother Superior of the Democratic Party.

Mrs. Harriman no doubt had shallow and self-centered reasons for taking on this role, but (not knowing her) I assume her motives also included at least a dollop of noblesse oblige. Is that to be sneered at? My first instinct is to say, Yes indeed. By all means. Sneer away. But, considering the alternative, I'm not so sure.

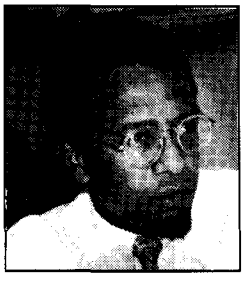
Bush himself wants to have it two ways about his aristocratic background. When it suits him, he doesn't mind projecting a WASPy paternalistic benevolence. At other times he plays the junkyard dog—low in every sense. But even after years of practice this latter role isn't nearly as convincing. I suspect that Bush's annoying po' boy routine (the country music, the pork rinds) is not simply a political ploy, but derives from some schoolboy need to be accepted by the fellas that must infect even the most aristocratic playing fields. All politicians have it; Bush seems to have it more than most. It's odd that he should choose the word "frantic" to describe the opposition, because that's precisely how Bush himself seems in his demotic moments.

In his Rose Garden press conference, Bush oddly described the Democrats attacking him as "nice guys told to say bad things" and "otherwise very nice senators now reverting to out-of-character attacks." This is an eerily accurate description of Bush's own appearance when he's on the attack: a nice guy told to say bad things. It is probably how he would like to appear but may even be true to life, to some extent.

The trouble is that truly nice guys don't say bad things just because they are told to. If Bush were really as well brought up as he sometimes wants us to think, he wouldn't be capable of saying and doing the things he says and does the other times. With Bush, we get the worst of both worlds: populist demagoguery without fellow feeling for the common man; aristocratic remove from the problems of ordinary citizens (and a weakness for consorting with other members of the world leaders club) without any genuine sense of noblesse oblige.

It wouldn't have taken much of that quality, for example, for Bush to have resisted pressure to reverse his own secretary of health and human services on the question of admitting foreigners infected with AIDS. Louis Sullivan (along with the Red Cross, the World Health Organization, and so on) said let them in. A right-wing letter-writing campaign said keep them out. Here was a very small opportunity to display aristocratic sympathy for unfortunates and resistance to the mob. But Bush—who must know there is no serious public health issue at stake—couldn't get up the noblesse oblige to stick by his health secretary and alleged close friend.

continued on page 42

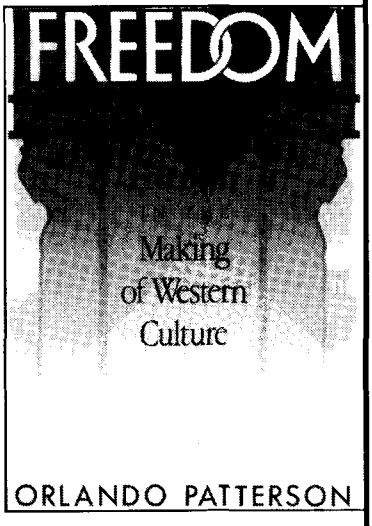

Debra Schafer

How Slavery Begat Freedom

"Patterson draws the startling conclusion that this distinctive Western value rests on human slavery....**An extraordinary achievement...** astoundingly wide-ranging."
—*Boston Globe*

"Indispensable reading not only for historians, philosophers, and social scientists but for anyone interested in understanding the complexities of freedom."—DAVID BRION DAVIS, author of *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture*

The first book in a magisterial two-volume work tracing the history of freedom in the Western world.



A History Book Club Alternate.

$29.95 At bookstores or from
BasicBooks

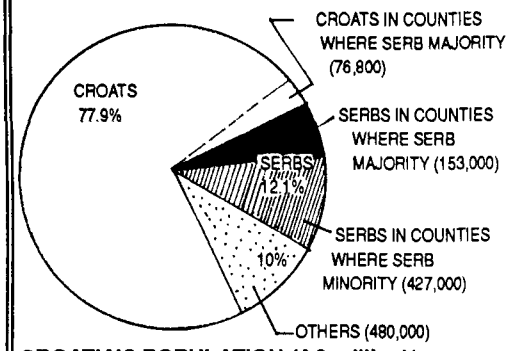
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
Toll-free with credit card 1-800-331-3761
Available in Canada from HarperCollins*Canada Ltd*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CROATIA

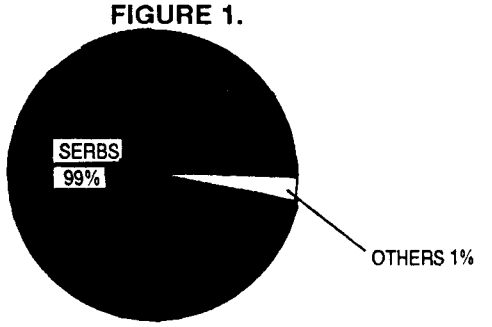
In the latter part of this century, the governments that opted for the use of force over the freedom of choice, are generally on the run. However, around the world there still remain pockets where the rule of force and terror has survived. Following in the footsteps of Saddam Hussein, the terror machine of Serbian leader Slobodan Milosevic threatens the peace of Central Europe.

A small portion of the Serb minority in Croatia has allowed itself to become a tool of organized terror, sponsored by the regime of Milosevic. Serbian terrorists known as "Chetniks" have been on a rampage for the past twelve months. Their violence resulted in the loss of life and adverse effects on Croatia's economy.


CROATS IN COUNTIES WHERE SERB MAJORITY (76,800)
CROATS 77.9%
SERBS IN COUNTIES WHERE SERB MAJORITY (153,000)
SERBS 12.1%
SERBS IN COUNTIES WHERE SERB MINORITY (427,000)
10%
OTHERS (480,000)

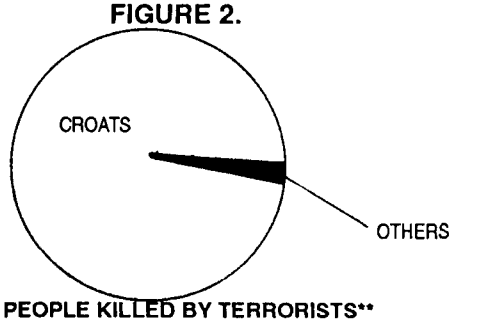
CROATIA'S POPULATION (4.8 million)*

FIGURE 1.



TERRORIST ACTIVITY (1009 attacks till 7/26/91)**

FIGURE 2.



PEOPLE KILLED BY TERRORISTS**

FIGURE 3.

* Department For Statistics of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia (1981/1991 Census)

** Interior Ministry of the Republic of Croatia

I. MAKE-UP OF THE TERRORIST FORCE

** a tiny fraction (less than approx. 4%) of the Serb population in Croatia,*
** imported trained terrorists from Serbia,*
** some professionals from the Securitate forces of Romania's Ceausescu dictatorship.*

NOTE: The Communist Federal (i.e. Serb) Army openly protects the terrorists and supplies them with arms.

II. GOAL OF THE TERRORIST FORCE

1. Drive out and/or destroy the non-Serb population from parts of Croatia that Serbia plans to conquer and integrate into "Great Serbia".
2. Overthrow the democratic government of Croatia (same applies for Bosnia & Herzegovina and Macedonia, as has been done already in Vojvodina and Kosovo).

Supporting Data:

i. Croatia's loss of national revenue due to terrorist activity for 1991 (to date) is $4.5 billion. Revenue loss for 1990 was $3.0 billion. Property and industry damages (to date) are estimated at another $4-5 billion.

ii. Figure No.1 illustrates that although Croats are in slight minority in some counties of Croatia, there is nevertheless a significant Croat population in those counties. Distressingly, there is a growing number of Croat refugees in their own homeland.

iii. Figure No.2 illustrates ratios of terrorist activity by ethnic background. The terrorist force is Serb. Many Croat or mixed populated villages in Croatia are attacked, burned down and their population has been driven out of the area. So far Croatian police have attempted to protect the communities from terrorists' rampage, but generally have been blocked by the Communist Federal (i.e. Serb) Army. This is not a conflict between Serbs and Croats in Croatia, but rather a unilateral terrorist activity, dictated by brutal Serbian expansionism.

iv. Figure No.3 shows the ethnic ratio of victims killed by the terrorist activity. The victims are overwhelmingly Croats. Croatian women and children are being abused, raped and killed. There has been no comparable retaliation by Croats. Ample documents are available regarding the way in which "Chetniks" slaughtered and dismembered Croatian policemen. (May 2, 1991, Borovo Selo). The bestiality of these atrocities is incomprehensible to civilized people.

NOTE: Similar ratios apply to the non-Serb population in other constituent parts of Yugoslavia (Kosovo, Vojvodina, Slovenia, Bosnia & Herzegovina, Macedonia).

III. COMMUNIST FEDERAL ARMY MISDEEDS

1. Instead of supporting negotiated solutions among constituent parts of Yugoslavia's republics, the army continues to support the "use of force" policy of the Serbian government.
2. The Army has not acted to protect its citizens from an external threat or enemy, but rather has turned against the very people who fund it.
3. The Army does not support the integrity of the country. It was instrumental in Serbia's overthrow of the governments of Kosovo and Vojvodina, and now it is attempting to crush the non-communist governments of Croatia, Slovenia, Bosnia & Herzegovina, and Macedonia.

In order to stop Serbia's brutal expansionism, the situation mandates that the U.S. government encourage and coordinate a United Nations peacekeeping force to monitor and police Serbia's activity.

If human life is our main priority, we must intensify our efforts to help now. How many more lives will it take to make the world take action?

We appeal to the people of Serbia to rise above the hatred perpetrated by their government, and choose the civilized, negotiated co-existence brought about by freedom of choice and mutual respect.

SUPPORT CROATIA IN HER TIME OF NEED. GIVE PEACE A CHANCE!

...truth about croatia,inc...
66-05 Dartmouth St., Rego Park, N.Y. 11374
Tel. (718) 417-0466, Fax. (718) 456-6176

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Chutzpah

To the editors:

I knew full well when I criticized Leon Wieseltier in *Chutzpah* for his extreme defensiveness in overstating Jonathan Pollard's crimes that he would seek his very personal revenge in the pages of the very personal magazine for which he writes ("Cabalist Kibitzing," Washington Diarist, July 29). I did not realize how foolishly transparent his personal vendetta would be. Nor did I understand the depth of his jealousy toward those who actually try to do something about the issues he kvetches about in his dilettantish columns.

Mr. Wieseltier claims I described the scene between my mother and Derek Bok "without irony." I challenge any reader of this "imaginary" scene (pages 13 and 14) to read it without immediately recognizing its intended irony. Speaking of irony, what exactly does the following unartful attempt by Mr. Wieseltier to turn a phrase mean: "If you bleed us, are we not pricks?" I have shown it to a dozen smart and funny people, and none gets the point, the joke, or even the meaning.

Then there are Mr. Wieseltier's lectures to me: "Jewish citizens of the United States have behaved precisely as the free and coarse and pluralistic system of the United States teaches its citizens to behave." Mr. Wieseltier could have been copying these sentiments from my book: "We have organized and combined. American Jews, who comprise barely 2.5 percent of our nation's population, have *earned* power ... disproportionate to their numbers." My point is that this has not always been the case, as during the Holocaust, and that "we need not apologize about our success" (page 128).

Mr. Wieseltier also lectures me about my Jewishness: "If the anti-Semites ... disappeared, they would take the Jewishness of this man with them...." That is precisely the challenge I pose throughout my book: "If anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism were, in fact, to begin to disappear ... would American Jewry be able to define a more positive consensus?"

Finally there is Jonathan Pollard. Mr. Wieseltier seems now to agree with me that "Pollard's sentence was harsh by the standards of such offenses." But then he creates a strawman with which to attack me. He talks about "the sentiment spreading among more and more Jews that Pollard may have committed no offense at all...." I have heard no such sentiment. Some Jews believe that Mr. Pollard's crime may be understandable, but no one I have ever spoken to—including Mr. Pollard himself—believes that he committed "no offense at all."

This tactic of misstating my arguments and then caricaturing them runs through the Wieseltier column. If you want to know what my arguments actually are—whether you ultimately agree or disagree with them—please don't rely on Mr. Wieseltier's mischaracterization of them.

ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ
Cambridge, Massachusetts

GOT OPINIONS?
LET US KNOW.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
SOUND OFF LINE
1-900-726-6671

Make Your Opinions A Matter Of Record!

Each call costs $1.25 per minute, billed to your phone bill. Net proceeds are used to fund editorial internships and other special editorial projects.

Pro-choice

To the editors:

Abigail Thernstrom's arguments against President Bush's school voucher programs ("Hobson's Choice," July 15 & 22) are among the more cynical and specious I have seen in the pages of TNR. She argues that some parents don't value academic quality. Unless she is prepared to assert either that *no* parents value quality, or at least that the overwhelming majority do not, the argument that some don't is beside the point. The market does not require 100 percent participation in order to function. She goes on to argue that school administrators restrict relevant information about schools—so parents won't be able to tell which schools are best. Parents will find out which schools are best by word of mouth and the investigations of various individuals. You could expect, for example, school "rating services" to suddenly appear, which would not only eliminate the need for some publicly paid administrators but also provide more useful information.

Ms. Thernstrom worries that choice programs may offer very limited options. But the programs that will be successful are those that offer the options people want, to the extent they are allowed by government to do so. Ms. Thernstrom herself seems to recognize this when she says that choice may encourage too much diversity. I do not know what "too much diversity" means in this context; but isn't it obviously better to have "too much" diversity than not enough? Ask any Russian.

Then she asserts that accountability to the public would be hard to ensure. She forgets that under the present system there is no accountability at all. Education in the United States is so centralized and top heavy that the people who make the bad decisions are effectively shielded for life against accountability, in part because no one can even find out who they are, and in part because even if you knew who they were, you could never get rid of them because they are civil servants. How could it be worse under the voucher system, where parents could vote with their feet, and where bad teachers and administrators would wind up finding new careers?

BENJAMIN BLAKEMAN
Los Angeles, California

Institutional biases

To the editors:

In his review of Jan Patocka's ideas ("The Seer of Prague," July 1), Richard Rorty was hard at work to appear to be on the side of those who reject totalitarianism and dictatorship. Yet he also admitted that "nonmetaphysicians [such as Patocka and Rorty himself] cannot say that democratic institutions reflect a moral reality, and that tyrannical regimes do not reflect one, that tyrannies get something wrong that democratic societies get right."

So, what we have is Professor Rorty lining up with the current favorites in a ball game, not demonstrating a well-grounded understanding of why these should be our favorites, even when they are not. If we depend on Mr. Rorty and his version of Mr. Patocka for protecting the ideals of freedom and democracy, we have not much to hope for.

TIBOR R. MACHAN
Auburn, Alabama
(Via 900 number)

Abortion 'crimes'

To the editors:

Michael Kinsley speculates in "Life Terms" (TRB, July 15 & 21) why laws protecting unborn human life do not provide criminal penalties for women. His conclusions demean the motivations of those in the pro-life movement. Had he bothered to ask or report the thinking of even a single member of the movement, he would have found a consistently pro-life position: providing criminal penal-

continued on page 41

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 2, 1991

THE WIMPS FACTOR

It seemed that the campaign for the Democrats was hopeless. Casting a long shadow across their chances was the failure of the last Democratic president. The campaign, moreover, was dirty, the most negative of the century. Just two weeks before election day the Republicans, through sympathetic newspapers, let loose accusations that the Democratic vice presidential candidate was homosexual. There was insufficient time to rebut the innuendo, and the Democrats suffered their worst defeat in nearly 100 years. The vice presidential candidate, who was at least expected to carry his home state, lost it royally: every county went Republican and every statewide Democratic candidate was dragged down to defeat. With this ignominious finish, the career of the mud-splattered running mate seemed doomed.

But of course the 1920 campaign was only the beginning for Franklin D. Roosevelt. Eight years later, after surviving the political wilderness and polio, FDR, now running for governor of New York, mounted the platform at the Democratic convention to nominate Al Smith for president. He was, said Roosevelt, who might as well have been offering a self-description, "the Happy Warrior of the political battlefield." Thus Roosevelt captured the spirit most admired by his party and by the voters in general. It was neither moral purity nor policy expertise, but sheer combativeness. Roosevelt's statement brought the convention to a fever pitch. It was the most memorable line in a nominating speech since General Edward Bragg's seconding speech for Grover Cleveland in 1884: "They love him for the enemies he has made."

Time was, the Democrats relished making enemies. But the grand tradition of the Happy Warrior, avidly sought by hopefuls of the past, is now taboo. These days the major qualification for running for president seems to be an unwillingness to run for president. Walter Shapiro described the syndrome sixteen years ago in *The Washington Monthly*: it was the "White Knight" myth, the idea that "anyone who is willing to run for president is temperamentally unsuited for the job," while the "perfect candidate [is] just waiting in the wings, far too sensitive to declare himself and come right out on stage."

White Knights of all sorts linger around the edges of the battlefield, careful not to step across the line: Messrs. Gore, Cuomo, Bentsen, Kerrey, Bradley, Wilder, and Nunn. Jay Rockefeller got so close to the perimeter that he felt faint. Without passing judgment on them or their programs, at least Paul Tsongas and, apparently, Tom Harkin and Bill Clinton are willing to enter.

It is not that the non-candidates lack vision. Indeed, their collective vision has emerged out of their various acts of studied reticence. In this vision, all of them see themselves as president, having gotten to the Oval Office by an easy, relatively unobstructed path. They will have triumphed by a politics without struggle, leaving their images—their permanent records—unblemished. Animating this vision, however, is not so much prudence or shrewdness as narcissism.

A zest for running is, in our estimation, a fair standard by which to measure the caliber of a politician. There is a virtue simply in making the effort. How are voters supposed to believe that a politician will stand for their interests if he or she has a record of shrinking from the arena? The current mentality of political safety is, of course, part of a larger inertia. The dreariness of fund-raising and the security of incumbency create a massive aversion to risk. Those who might challenge the status quo sink back into complacency. No principle, no cause—not even ambition itself—is compelling enough to shake them from their comfort.

When the non-candidates look in the mirror, they fear seeing the visage of Michael Dukakis. They fear, above all, becoming the face of defeat, of being so humiliated that the mere mention of their name evokes pain. They cannot bear confronting the inevitable negative campaign, the awful charges smearing their careful records and deliberate characters. They are filled with anxiety that if they fail this time there won't be a next. Dukakis, the most careful politician of our time, whose fastidious attempts to withdraw from combat simply made him a stationary target, is their countermodel.

They draw the wrong lesson from Dukakis, however, whose dismal reputation today is due to many reasons—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but deciding to run in 1988 is not one of them. In fact, it is one of his few redeeming qualities. Of course, there was William Jennings Bryan—three time loser. And Hubert Humphrey, who ran unsuccessfully in 1960, 1968, 1972, and desperately wanted to run in 1976 but was unwell. And George McGovern, who ran in 1968, 1972, 1984, and only reluctantly decided against another run in 1992.

There was also Franklin Roosevelt, vice presidential loser and victim of smears. Adlai Stevenson's crushing loss to Eisenhower only positioned him to secure the nomination again four years later. In the meantime, John F. Kennedy tried to grab the vice presidential nomination, was denied, but would not be deterred for long. Lyndon Johnson ran unsuccessfully for president in 1956 and 1960. In 1984, with Ronald Reagan at the peak of his popularity, a whole stable of Democrats ran. Gary Hart's losing campaign put him in the classic position of being the frontrunner next time—and would have been had he not been forced out by scandal.

This lesson of running also applies on the Republican side. Consider Richard Nixon's presidential races. He ran every chance he could get. So did Reagan, who ran unsuccessfully in 1968 and 1976, and finally, at an advanced age, campaigned twice more. Such is the record of political success stories. Duck-and-cover is not the credo of the usual nominee of either party.

One of the factors intimidating the Democratic noncandidates is the popularity of George Bush. But part of that popularity is due to his being unchallenged. Week after week passes in which his political vulnerabilities are unexplored, a lacuna that is not merely bad for the Democrats, but for our democracy as a whole. Bush's policies, or lack of them, ought to be inspiring the instinct for combat, not paralysis. Take his decision to support those trying to prevent women in Wichita, Kansas, from getting abortions—exercising their options as protected by law. No Democrat has stepped forward to attack Bush's cynicism. Isn't there a Democrat with something to say on this subject?

And one day soon, *someone* will be the nominee. Whoever the candidate, and however he fares, he will have one clear advantage over any newcomers to the nomination in 1996. He will have run. In 1992 the Democratic politicians have nothing to fear but fear. And in 1996 the voters owe those who absented themselves in 1992 precisely nothing. They deserve the miserable fate unhappy warriors almost always meet. Having taken no risks, they will have made no enemies. And nobody, including this magazine, will love them.

NOTEBOOK

PRISONERS' DILEMMA: Congratulations to the hostages who are finally free, and to their families, and to the diplomats who succeeded in arranging their release. But we must confess to certain feelings of discomfort. For a start, is the foreign policy of the United States again to be pre-empted, redesigned, and oversentimentalized by the fate of these individuals? The distortion of American foreign policy by an obsession with hostages—an obsession that only strengthens the hand of hostage-takers—was one of the greatest mistakes, and led to some of the greatest embarrassments, of the late Carter and first Reagan administrations. The media, of course, love these moistening narratives. And the administration doesn't need to be dragged kicking and screaming to another national high, either. That's our second suspicion about this sudden breakthrough: it is politically a little serendipitous. Recall that George Bush's secretary of state was also George Bush's campaign manager. It is hardly a stretch to impute to James Baker the belief that the release of the hostages will clinch the campaign that is (with any luck) about to begin. The yellow ribbon strategy, you might call it. Baker is a man with an eye for the main chance, and this time the main chance was the cynical realignment of Syria with the United States as a result of the collapse of the Soviet Union. Syria controls Lebanon, and is only irritated by these Iranian-controlled terrorists and kidnappers; Syria has influence with Iran, its old ally against Iraq; Syria requires the good offices of the United States to recover the Golan Heights from Israel. For local geopolitical reasons, in short, these hostage releases sort of figure. And so does their inevitable diplomatic accompaniment: American pressure on Israel. This has taken the form of a demand that Israel release its Arab prisoners without any guarantee that Syria (or whoever) release, or even provide information about, its Israeli prisoners. There is something grotesquely reflexive about the pressure this time, and something grotesquely inhumane. We understand that Americans value the lives of Americans more than the lives of Israelis. We do not understand that Americans expect *Israelis* to value the lives of Americans more than the lives of Israelis. Baker's roughshod ride over the sensitivity of Israel in this matter does not bode well for the peace conference to follow, and nobody should be surprised if the Israeli government makes this observation, too.

PAPER CHASE: Harvard Divinity School needs to institute a special course for politically insensitive enviros. As part of a campaign that reportedly included asking professors to integrate recycling themes into their lectures, bins were placed around the campus for "white" and "colored" paper. Someone, either a hypersensitive ecologist or a PC prankster, crossed out "colored paper" on one recycling bin and scribbled "paper of color." The student recycling coordinator responded in the divinity school's newsletter, "If this was a joke, I don't think it's funny. If it was done because of a legitimate concern about language usage, please let me know...." The conflict was conveniently resolved when the bins were relabeled "bleached paper" and "dyed paper." Now, for that ethnically insensitive white mail ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CODA: With his essay "The Sight of Music" in this issue, Edward Rothstein ends his tenure as music critic of THE NEW REPUBLIC and begins the dark and lonely work of senior music critic of *The New York Times*. We congratulate our colleagues at the *Times* on their catch. Mr. Rothstein's writing will be sorely missed in our pages, and we will do our best to make it up to our readers. A successor will be announced very soon. •

NEW DELHI POSTCARD

GANDHI CREST

By Sunil Sethi

NEW DELHI

"Rain? Any Day Now, Says Weatherman," declared a recent headline, the latest in a series of weak reassurances. Temperatures here have hovered around 104 degrees since May, when Rajiv Gandhi was assassinated. A yellowish dust haze envelops the city all day. There are frequent power cuts, sporadic water shortages, and the threat of a cholera epidemic in the outer suburbs. The southwesterly monsoon, which has hit most of the subcontinent with full force, is inexplicably delayed here in the north, where the cooling rains normally arrive by June.

Parliament House and the other pink sandstone structures the British created before their departure in 1947 shimmer in the mirage of melting asphalt. Delhi's patch of power runs from these domed, colonnaded buildings to a couple of square miles of low, white bungalows, inhabited by a few hundred of the ruling elite. Although the bungalows were built in ascending order of homage to the British viceroy, many of the occupants represent less and less the notion of rigid hierarchy. Seven out of ten prime ministers of free India have moved for reasons of sentiment, convenience, security, and even because astrologers advised it. Still, each time a government changes (as it has three times in the past year and a half) many ministers refuse to vacate their bungalows. Some are evicted; others battle the bailiff; still others jockey for job extensions to keep their homes. Deputies owe the government thousands of dollars in unpaid rent. It may be an apposite metaphor for the collapse of the postcolonial order: rulers so preoccupied with abusing privilege that the country's federal structure no longer holds.

Others say India is ungovernable because of its resistance to change. Delhi, the seat of centuries'-old autocratic rule, clings to an imperial style. Since 1947 no non-Gandhi has kept the job of prime minister for more than fifteen months. Already the unofficial source of power is Sonia Gandhi, Rajiv's widow. Little is known about her except that she was born an Italian, was a model wife and mother, and restores paintings in her spare time.

The new prime minister, Narasimha Rao, is an experienced politician (a senior minister in the Cabinets of both Indira and Rajiv Gandhi), an able administrator, a scholar of distinction. He promptly ended clumsy government controls on industry, welcomed foreign investment, and halted the slothful machine of decades-old Socialist planning. His gesture of consulting the opposition on key domestic issues—and sharing authority in his own party—promised a break with the arrogant politics of the Gandhis. Yet almost perceptibly power is beginning to slip from his hands. Rao, an old, sick man, heads a minority government; he lacks the vote-catching magic of the Gandhi name; his colleagues regard him as a passing interlude until Sonia Gandhi ratifies her role.

Ever since Tamil militants killed Rajiv, Sonia has shuttered herself in the mold of the grieving widow. She has shunned public contact and made no public speech. But the self-imposed seclusion has only enhanced her influence. She made one silent televised appearance: sitting in the marble rotunda of the presidential palace like a Madonna in a sari, receiving the country's highest honor, Bharat Ratna, on behalf of her husband. Millions of viewers watched transfixed as the power elite paid tribute to her nascent authority.

Her unspoken presence is felt everywhere as the intricate net of Indian politics closes in. Immediately after the assassination she was offered the presidency of the Congress, the 125-year-old party of India's nationalist struggle, in an obvious effort to garner sympathy votes in the election. She declined. A minority Congress government was installed in late June, but there has been a dramatic shift in mood since. Two factors, both Gandhi-related, explain it. First, had Rajiv not been killed, polling data from the two phases of voting show his party would have fared worse in the election. Second, Sonia is rapidly shedding her reticence to enter politics. Every minister in the government sought her blessing before being sworn in. Close party allies and Rajiv hangers-on were given key berths in the Cabinet. Hordes of Congress Party delegates from far corners of the country line her doorstep every day, urging her to contest from Amethi, Rajiv's vacant parliamentary constituency. The by-election is due in November, and she has until late September to declare her intentions.

The signs so far are that she is slowly gearing for battle. A careful campaign of photo-ops and press releases—rather like the issuance of court circulars—is being built up: Sonia receiving Julius Nyerere of Tanzania at home; Sonia convening a meeting of the Rajiv Gandhi Foundation, which she heads; Sonia-supporters urging strict security for her and Rahul, her son, now a sophomore at Harvard, and Pryanka, her daughter, an undergraduate in a Delhi convent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sonia's only serious rival is Maneka Gandhi, the widow of Sanjay, Indira Gandhi's younger son. Sanjay hoped to succeed his mother with the aid of a powerful group of courtiers known as "The Caucus," but he was killed in an airplane crash in 1980. By 1984, when Indira was assassinated by her bodyguards and Rajiv stepped into her shoes, Maneka had joined the opposition. She was establishing a cause and awaiting her chance.

Then, in the 1989 election, Rajiv's Congress Party was defeated. Maneka's cause was the environment, and she set herself up as a temperamental Green Queen. She was minister for environment in the non-Congress government ousted in June. Her most recent public utterances have been richly atrabilious. Newspapers reported her anger on returning from an overseas trip to find that her official bungalow had been forcibly occupied by a newly elected member of Parliament. Maneka, however, is tired of politics at the moment; and since her only son is still in school, it may be a while before she can exploit the Gandhi name in politics again.

As the family plot thickens, Indians cheering for democracy are in a pessimistic mood. Although the government is still enjoying a honeymoon, it has been undercut by the growing number of Sonia sycophants in its ranks. By attacking many of the government's policies, they have embarrassed it acutely. Now they threaten the Congress Party's survival by pushing Sonia to run in November, which could split the party. In addition to the country's blights of poverty, ignorance, and disease, militant insurgencies grip the states of Kashmir, Punjab, and Assam. Kidnappings and acts of terrorist violence have peaked since Rajiv's assassination; a record number of officials are currently held hostage by militant groups. And the rise of the Hindu BJP party as a powerful force in Parliament threatens to revive the agitation for converting a sixteenth-century mosque into a temple. Last winter several hundred were killed in incidents of sectarian violence between Hindus and Muslims all over north India.

To cap it all, India has never been so strapped for cash. Desperate to save the country from economic collapse, the new government devalued the rupee by 20 percent in early July as a prelude to borrowing $2 billion (the third loan in two years) from the International Monetary Fund. In a further effort to raise short-term loans, it was forced to export forty-seven tons of gold reserves as collateral. But the government's measures may prove double-edged: cutbacks on commercial imports means more factory closures and higher unemployment; higher sugar and gasoline prices will fuel inflation; privatizing state-owned industry could lead to industrial strife.

In any case, many regard the grimness of this scenario as but a dimly lit backcloth to the family drama unfolding in the frontal glare of footlights. Even the capable finance minister, Dr. Manmohan Singh, who is an economist and not a politician, cannot hope to get far without first genuflecting at the altar of the Gandhis. One of his first budgetary proposals in Parliament House in late July was to announce a five-year, $35 million endowment by the government to the Rajiv Gandhi Foundation. Its purpose is to help students in science and aviation technology, subjects dear to Rajiv's heart. There was widespread outrage at the idea of handing over taxpayers' money to a privately controlled foundation, especially during a time of financial crisis. The opposition threatened to bring down the government. Later, commenting on the grant, which will make the foundation the richest in the country, a politician wryly remarked that it was part of the same old routine: "If you can't give them bread," he said, referring to the people, "give them circus."

In New Delhi the circus has a long history of survival. As long as those regal sandstone buildings survive, there is time in this city for palace intrigue. When the scorching heat is finally doused by the monsoon rains, who knows what the deluge will bring? The shrewdest bet is on the coming out of Mrs. Gandhi III.

SUNIL SETHI is a syndicated columnist in India.

Balking at the Balkans.

YUGO FIRST

By Robert D. Kaplan

In late 1982, when the media were declaring how Yuri Andropov's taste for modern Hungarian furniture (whatever that was) proved that he was a new kind of Soviet leader, Milovan Djilas told me in his Belgrade apartment that "Andropov is not the new man. He is too old, sick, and a creature of the system. He will be a man of transition. The new man must come later in the decade." It was insights like this that kept me returning to Djilas's apartment for nine straight years, even though within Yugoslavia itself, Djilas—Tito's heir-apparent in the postwar years and the most prolific of Eastern European dissident writers—was considered "out of touch." More than his historical memory even, Djilas's ability to sift through vast quantities of political literature in several languages keeps him in touch.

In late 1989 the conventional wisdom, especially inside Yugoslavia, was that Serbia's Communist tyrant, Slobodan Milosevic, was "yesterday's man." Economic reform and free speech were the cries heard all over Yugoslavia. Slovenia and Croatia were leading the way, but even in Serbia there were rumblings. Yet here was this Neanderthal battling the tide, proclaiming Stalinist economics while thuggishly removing Party and media

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

critics in Belgrade. How could Milosevic last, considering what was going on in the countries all around? When he did not appear on Serbian state television for a while there were rumors that he was dying, or about to be replaced. But Djilas was not so sure. "Milosevic is not finished," he stated flatly. "He has stirred things up by releasing this great nationalism of the Serbs. It gives him many interesting possibilities for the future."

Why Djilas's weak spot for Milosevic? "Djilas is a Montenegrin. He has discovered his Serbian self in his old age," a local journalist explained. It's true. Montenegro—the fastness of black granite hovering north of Albania—is a romantic land where the greatest poetry in the Serbian language was written during the nineteenth century, poetry that has inspired Djilas's own writings. But Djilas, in his world-wise, cynical manner, was sanguine about Milosevic for another reason: he saw that political and economic reform would be necessary in Serbia only in the long run. Before reaching that point, the power relationships among the various nationalities in the Balkans would have to be settled.

Milosevic, who turns 50 this month, intuited that the messy interregnum from now till Francis Fukuyama's end of history will last at least until he's too old to care. His strategy has a flawless basis: Serbia, as a demographic entity, extends beyond the actual borders of the Serbian republic, into Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Macedonia. During the Titoist ice age, this didn't matter. Now that the Rube Goldberg-designed Yugoslav federal system lies in tatters, it's all that does matter.

Though Slovenian nationhood is something we can all agree on, Croatia, in its current territorial shape, is a more difficult matter. Former President Reagan, in a July 15 speech in Los Angeles, noted that "in excess of 90 percent [of Croats] have indicated their wish to withdraw" from Yugoslavia. But Reagan neglected to say that 90 percent of the Serbs living within Croatia don't want to. Since the Serbs constitute only 15 percent of the overall Croatian population, this does not make them necessarily correct, but it does make the situation sufficiently complex to undermine Reagan's easy nostrum.

Whatever the good intentions of Croatia's new leaders, the atmosphere in the bars and on the streets can be decidedly *Ustashe*, with the flags, the eerie war chants, and—most tragically—the reticence of the population and especially the Catholic Church to face squarely the record of Croatia's involvement with the Nazis. The border-area Serbs, obsessed with the ghosts of death camps past, aren't right now worried about free markets or new nations. Full of fear and vengeance, they seek arms and a ruthless command. And Milosevic, with a Communist Party machine and security apparatus already in place, helped by the federal army, is the man on horseback.

It's not that there are no good guys in this neck of the woods: on an individual level, educated Croatians and Serbs burn with a rich and awe-inspiring introspection that goes hand in hand with good alcohol and good poetry. But they belong to a world where the ice has only just melted, and the landscape, before it becomes maneuverable for political common sense, is neck-deep in sludge.

The sludge will rise and thicken before it recedes. Kosovo, Serbia's rebellious southern province, has exploded in the past and will do so again. The Serbs' ability to keep the poor and oppressed Albanian population there quiet is no better than that of the Israelis in the West Bank. Then there are Bosnia and Herzegovina, mountainous hodgepodges of peoples, which make Croatia's ethnic problems look simple; where between Catholic Croats and Orthodox Serbs there are Muslims, who are right now seeking protection from the Turkish government in Ankara. Macedonia, meanwhile, is a place that wants to be enlarged at Greece's, Bulgaria's, and Albania's expense, but at the same time is threatened by all of those nations. The Macedonians, poised to declare their own independence next month, have also sent delegations to Ankara, as a lever against Athens, Sofia, and Belgrade.

The Serbs, Macedonians, Bulgarians, and Greeks are all Eastern Orthodox. And the Croats, Serbs, Macedonians, and Bulgarians are all Slavs, speaking a mutually intelligible language. But forget logic. Not only do all these peoples insist on their differences, they also want uni-ethnic states in places where sizable minorities already exist. New nations are wonderful when they tear cleanly off the decayed mass. However, with the lone exception of Slovenia, which has a population more homogeneous than the other republics, that is nowhere the case in the Balkans.

The 1990s, ultimately, is when we face the much-postponed reckoning with Ottoman imperial despotism. Just as the Balkans were where twentieth-century conflict was born in the first place, beginning in the 1880s, they are now an eerie symbol not of the birth of a new century but of the violent, distracting tremors left over from the old one. On account of the dynamic integration of Western Europe occurring to their west and the awkward reformulation of the Soviet Union to their east, the Balkans have been completely left out in the cold. Fukuyama is right: the battle of great ideas is nearly over. But nationalism, though an old idea in Europe, is still young in places where the Ottoman Turks once held sway, and still shocking even to those who thought they had left history far behind.

Take the Western Europeans' attempt to deal with the Balkans. At each moment they are caught by their own past. The Germans, on account of World War II; the Austrians, because of the Habsburg record of helping the Croats against the Serbs; even the Italians, thanks to the Vatican's longtime support for Croatia—all are distrusted by at least one of the warring parties in Yugoslavia. So there is the spectacle of a Dutch foreign minister, seated next to a Portuguese one, trying and failing to negotiate truces.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bush administration, after some false starts, is staying in the background, and not simply because George Bush and James Baker are unmoved by Slovenia's and Croatia's attempts at freedom. The administration was understandably not ecstatic about Croatian independence because of the bloody mess threatened by the Serbian minority. Baker's blunder was in the policy mechanism he chose: a statement that had the effect of giving the Serbs a green light to invade. Since then the White House has let the European Community shoulder the task of dealing with Serbs and Croats. And there is some merit in letting the old world attempt to mediate an older world's phantoms: a subtlety that Djilas would undoubtedly appreciate.

ROBERT D. KAPLAN is completing a book on the Balkans.

Bill Bradley wakes up.

SENATOR LAZARUS

By Morton Kondracke

After two-and-a-half years of playing it safe—and very nearly losing his Senate seat in the process—Bill Bradley is back in action. In June he attacked President Bush for preparing to use "race baiting" over quotas as a 1992 campaign technique. In July he criticized Bush for moving to upgrade the Soviet Union's trade status when its troops were killing Baltic border guards. In August he proposed a new "Self-Reliance Scholarships" program whereby college students or workers seeking retraining could borrow up to $33,000 from a government trust fund, to be repaid through payroll deductions after they graduate. In September Bradley plans to unveil a new proposal to reduce tax burdens on the middle class through spending cuts. Also this fall he is planning an initiative on economic policy and is likely to be a key inquisitor of Robert Gates, Bush's nominee to be director of the CIA.

Regrettably, Bradley still insists he is not going to run for president next year. He would strengthen the limp Democratic field. There are rumors that if scandals force Senator Chuck Robb to resign his chairmanship of the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee, Bradley might take it. His staff flatly denies the stories, but they persist. Some Democratic pros think Bradley would be a good prospect for the 1992 vice presidential nomination, and that a good run would put him in shape to run for president in 1996.

Speculation on Bradley as a national candidate has been going on since 1978, when he was first elected to the Senate, and it didn't stop even in April 1990, when he announced his candidacy for a third Senate term, promised New Jersey voters to serve all six years, and said he couldn't think of anything that would make him change his intention. It did stop on November 6, 1990, however, when Bradley won by only 59,000 votes (out of 1.9 million cast) against an unknown opponent, Christine Todd Whitman, whom he had outspent by a margin of $12.5 million to $543,000.

Voters clearly were taking out on Bradley their rage against tax-hiking Democratic Governor Jim Florio. But Bradley's close call was his own fault too. (See "Bi[illegible] Folds" by John B. Judis, TNR, January 28.) One of Congress's leading tax experts (he wrote the landmark 1986 tax reform law), Bradley had ventured no opinion on Florio's tax policy, declaring it a state matter. That struck voters as stand-offish, evasive, even arrogant. Journalists also traded stories about interviews with Bradley in which he seemed coy, cold, or distracted. New Jersey pols said he seemed more interested in international debt than voters' close-to-home woes.

Although Bradley had won re-election in 1984 with 64 percent of the vote, and though polls showed him seventeen points ahead, Bradley says he knew as soon as the Senate recessed on October 28 and he started campaigning full-time that the election would be close. Mostly voters complained about Florio, he says, but he remembers others who were "beside themselves with anger" over their inability to make ends meet and their families' sinking prospects. Bradley claims he never thinks about percentages going into an election, but "maybe I thought 54 or 55 percent." He did not think 50.4.

The surprise, he says, produced no "epiphany," but did lead to "introspection." He insists he was never aloof. "I hold town meetings all over the state. I walk the shore every summer. I spend days at bus terminals and bowling alleys." But he says his thinking has led to at least four convictions: "First, I was no longer going to save my best stuff for my notebooks. If something moved me, I was going to speak out about it. This was not going to be a political judgment, but a matter of following my own intuition and values." Second, he was going to "continue" concentrating on "the big issues and big choices that the country has ahead of it." Third, he'd "recognize the financial pressure that middle-income families are under." And fourth, he would clearly explain what he was doing. "The 1986 tax reform saved people in New Jersey $1 billion a year in taxes," he says. "I'd say that to them, but people didn't understand it."

Fifth, though he doesn't list it, he talks more freely about himself than he ever did before. And sixth, he has gotten himself an almost totally new staff—a chief of staff, Californian Peter Stamos, replacing Marcia Aronoff, who'd been with him for thirteen years; a communications-political chief, Anita Dunn, in a job Bradley's office never had before; a new press secretary, New Jersey office director, and two new staffers to replace Gina Despres, his former policy director and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tax specialist. Both new and old staff members deny that Bradley "cleaned house" after the election. They don't deny, though, that the old staff decided to move on—since Bradley was not going to run for president—and that he did not try to stop them.

Both old and new staffers say there's no "new Bradley," but his two civil rights speeches on July 10 and 16 clearly are an outgrowth of the introspection that followed the election. Bradley told me he watched the president on TV denouncing the House-passed civil rights bill as a "quota bill" on June 5 and "I didn't even know the substance, but I knew he was going down the same road as 1988, and I knew I had to call him out." Bradley's first speech, on the Senate floor, called on Bush to explain his experience with race (starting with his opposition to the 1964 Civil Rights Act) and demanded he stop "inflaming racial tension to perpetuate power and then using that power to reward the rich and ignore the poor." The second, at the National Press Club, was an appeal to "replace the politics of violence with the politics of public safety and intervene directly and massively against poverty, drugs, and violence."

The speeches got a huge, favorable press, and forced Bush to defend his record on race. In fact, Bradley's press shouldn't have been quite so glowing. Although Bush deserves a bashing for cynicism on civil rights legislation, Bradley slid toward demagoguery when he compared Bush to George Wallace and David Duke and charged that Bush had attempted to "demonize all black America" with the Willie Horton ads. What's more, Bradley nowhere defined what he meant by "massive" intervention against poverty, how it would work, and how it would be paid for.

Bradley told me, "There are things you know and things you feel. I'd always spoken about the things I knew, but I made a decision [after the election] that I was also going to speak out about the things I feel." That's undoubtedly good therapy, and it's good to have Bradley out of his shell, but his strengths have always been his brain and his capacity for innovation, and those were missing in the civil rights speeches.

They're present, however, in his education program, in his opposition to bankrolling Moscow, and in his run-up to the Gates hearings. Bradley is not revealing much about his tax plan or his economic package, only that (unlike most Democrats) he's still against a permanent hike in the top income tax rate to fund tax relief for the middle class, and that he will call for cuts in both domestic and defense spending to pay the bill. But critics say Bradley is caving in to the Democratic consensus by proposing a "temporary" 10 percent surtax on millionaires to endow his education trust fund. They say this tax will never be repealed, will not raise the revenue expected, and will undermine Bradley's own tax reform plan. Critics also question whether giving spending money to middle-class people is the best way to improve their productivity and long-term well-being. Those are worthy subjects for debate, but at least Bradley is putting forward substantive ideas to wrangle over—his first, really, since tax reform.

It's not likely that Bradley's questioning of Gates will draw immediate headlines (the press will be fixated at first on what Gates knew about Iranamok) but it may be the most penetrating on substance. Bradley will go after Gates—former No. 2 man at the CIA and now No. 2 at the National Security Council—on the years-long failure by American intelligence to read the decrepitude of the Soviet economy and on the NSC's pre-war appeasement policy toward Saddam Hussein.

In all this, Bradley is in the enviable position of being able to hit Bush credibly from both right and left—from the left on most domestic policy (without being labeled a big-L liberal) and from the right on Soviet policy. He began visiting the Soviet Union in 1985, soon after Gorbachev's ascent to power, and has been back three times, usually traveling extensively outside Moscow. He was one of the first Americans to see Gorbachev's potential as a reformer, but he's also been a steady critic of his conservatism—and the administration's willingness to tolerate it. On his last visit Bradley

Isaiah xxxv, 1

It was always hotly contested, this métier of being a bard
(pages of attestation, in Pindar, in Petrarch, in Pound),
but rarely was rivalry looked for—and more rarely still was it *found*—
in Republican lyrical talent: and these are the knocks I find hard,

since this weekend the White House announces (with sonorous savoir-faire)
that the scheme which was born "Desert Shield" and shortly became "Desert Storm"
will assume a new name to exhibit a further unfolding of form,
and the President tells us to label this furtherance: "Desert Share"!

Such monosyllabic precision, each consonant finding its mate,
reveals an articulate gift the most envious poet must praise
—though the sheer calculation it masks is a matter of moral disgrace—
for what's "shared" in this new desert plan are the rations unused in Kuwait:

superfluous food, which our profligate soldiers left piled in their tents,
will be sent to the homeless and hungry in four Appalachian states
where what Mars regards as gratuitous, Pax may heap high on her plates
(only what's frankly dispensed *with* will America freely dispense).

Unable to better his rhetoric, I offer the government wit
who devises these catchy expressions (just in case inspiration falls short)
a practical table of contents, should the next operation abort;
the sequence is axiomatic: Desert Shield, Desert Share ... Desert Shit.

Richard Howard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so worked Gorbachev over on the issue of Lithuania that Gorbachev erupted at him and at the Lithuanian government, threatening to "skin" President Vytautas Landsbergis "like a goat."

Bradley was with the Reagan administration (most of the way) in supporting the Nicaraguan contras and with the Bush administration on the Mexican free trade agreement. He voted against Bush on starting the war against Iraq last January, but (unlike other Democrats) favored a deadline (this October) when war could start if economic sanctions didn't work. Add it up and it's a nearly ideal position from which to challenge Bush in 1992. Bradley says Bush is "very beatable," having done "absolutely nothing" to help the middle class.

But Bradley is not going to run, aides say, because he still does not think he is "ready." One aide says Bradley thinks "there is no point in seeking the presidency unless you know how to get it and what you want to do with it, and there is no point in getting it unless conditions in the country will allow you to do what you want to get done." It's a line worthy of the old Bradley, not the new one. •

Neocons v. paleocons.

HUNTER GATHERERS

By Jacob Weisberg

When Ronald Reagan occupied the Oval Office, the Eleventh Commandment—Thou shalt speak no ill of another Republican—was accepted as law among the conservatives. A common devotion to the president, and to the cause of anti-communism, helped paper over the many cracks in the Reagan coalition, smoothing the tensions among the religious right, libertarians, Rockefeller Republicans, neoconservatives, and within their various subsects. With Reagan and the Berlin Wall gone, however, the factions are fighting openly as never before.

The loudest dispute of the moment is between the neoconservatives and self-styled "paleoconservatives." In ideological terms, the two sides are at odds. In foreign policy, the neos are interventionist, the paleos isolationist. The neos are for free trade, the paleos for protectionism. The neos support immigration, the paleos are agin. But as in many partnerships gone sour, the real source of the tension is not ideology so much as money. The paleocons believe the neocons have "hijacked" the movement by gaining a financial stranglehold over its institutions. Beneath the high-minded debate, there's a battle for hard cash.

The neo-paleo fight first surfaced in 1981, when Irving Kristol, editor of *The Public Interest*, and other neoconservatives backed a young academic named William Bennett (later education secretary and drug czar) for the chairmanship of the National Endowment for the Humanities. Bennett beat out M. E. Bradford, a professor at the University of Dallas who was the candidate of old-style conservatives. Bradford, who was vulnerable because of writings critical of Abraham Lincoln, says the neocons defeated him by whispering that he was an anti-Semite. The mutual resentments that grew out of the NEH battle boiled over from time to time during the Reagan presidency. But the feud remained quiet, Bradford says, "because people didn't want to make Ronald Reagan or his central aides unhappy."

The war geared up again, just after Reagan left office, when the Rockford Institute, based in Rockford, Illinois, came to blows with Lutheran pastor Richard John Neuhaus. In an unusually altruistic set-up, the paleo Rockford Institute served as the parent organization of neoconservative Neuhaus's Manhattan-based Center on Religion & Society. In February 1989 Neuhaus complained to Rockford's president about opinions found in the center's magazine, *Chronicles*. Neuhaus accused the monthly of tolerating anti-Semitism, xenophobia, and nativism, and particularly objected to its championing Gore Vidal as an inspirational figure for conservatives. Vidal is an old foe of Neuhaus's friend Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary*, who has accused him of anti-Semitism. Neuhaus and Rockford tried to work out an amicable split, but couldn't agree who should get a $200,000 grant pledged to Neuhaus by the Milwaukee-based Bradley Foundation. In May five Rockford trustees appeared from Illinois to evict the center from its offices. Neuhaus and his staff were put out in the rain, with their belongings stuffed into garbage bags. Since then warfare has been open. Rockford, which used to get $750,000 a year from conservatives foundations, now gets nothing.

Around the same time, the neos began circulating the text of a lecture by Russell Kirk, author of the 1953 book *The Conservative Mind*. The speech—"The Neoconservatives: An Endangered Species"—was part of a series at the Heritage Foundation. In it Kirk termed the neocons "a little sect, distrusted and reproached by what we may call mainline conservatives." Kirk also noted: "And not seldom it has seemed as if some eminent Neoconservatives mistook Tel Aviv for the capital of the United States." Midge Decter, a Heritage trustee and Podhoretz's wife, said Kirk's invocation of dual loyalty was "a bloody outrage, a piece of anti-Semitism." Shortly afterward, the paleos went ballistic.

The ringleaders of the current paleocon offensive are Thomas Fleming, the editor of *Chronicles*, and Paul Gottfried, a professor at Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania. In a draft chapter titled "Money for Nothing" from the second edition of their book *The Conservative Movement*, they argue that the neoconservative bent of the most prominent conservative foundations

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have displeased the isolationist, anti-New Deal businessmen whose money supports the grant-making institutions. They view neoconservatives as liberals in disguise who consider big government a benign entity. Gottfried and Fleming focus on several money-dispensing foundations—what they call the four sisters—Sarah Scaife in Pittsburgh, John M. Olin and Smith-Richardson in New York, and Lynde and Harry Bradley in Milwaukee. The authors argue that neoconservatives at these foundations "use money to attack the people and try to close off all political debates," in Gottfried's words.

In a version of the chapter published in a recent issue of *RRR*, the Rothbard-Rockwell Report, a publication of the Center for Libertarian Studies in Burlingame, California, Gottfried (who was rejected for an Olin grant in 1988) points to support by the four sisters of magazines like *The New Criterion* and *The American Spectator*, scholars including Allan Bloom, Walter Berns, and Thomas Pangle (disciples of the political philosopher Leo Strauss), and organizations that promote world democracy such as the National Endowment for Democracy and Freedom House. According to the theory, all of these are part of a neoconservative plot to advance big government, promote global democracy, and silence opposing viewpoints.

Other paleos have embellished the theory of a closed, conspiratorial universe. Llewellyn Rockwell Jr. repeated many of the same charges in the *Conservative Review*, adding that the Iran-contra affair was "largely a neocon operation." In the article, Rockwell announced the founding of the John Randolph Club, an alliance of traditional conservatives and libertarians to combat the neocon scourge. The club's first meeting, held in Dallas in November, was addressed by Bradford, who attacked Bennett and Jack Kemp as "collaborators with the left."

Patrick J. Buchanan made the issue the subject of two columns this spring. Citing Gottfried, he wrote of the neocons, "Their tactics—including the smearing of opponents as racists, nativists, fascists, and anti-Semites—left many conservatives wondering if we hadn't made a terrible mistake when we brought these ideological vagrants in off the street and gave them a warm place by the fire." With his usual sensitivity, Buchanan went on: "Like the fleas who conclude they are steering the dog, their relationship to the movement has always been parasitical." He called for old-style conservatives to seize back their movement. Neoconservatives hear unpleasant echoes in this. "When he says we, he seems to mean not only we conservatives but we real Americans," says Neuhaus.

To some extent, Gottfried and Buchanan are describing a reality. Kristol, who sits as a John M. Olin fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, has extensive clout with conservative foundations and think tanks, through disciples such as Mike Joyce, president of the Bradley Foundation. "Irving has been an enormously influential figure," says George Weigel, the neoconservative President of the Ethics and Public Policy Center. "Irving understood historically how philanthropy and ideas and politics went together." Kristol does have a network of followers and admirers. But it has turned the insecure, marginal paleos into paranoids.

Thus they latch onto cases like a recent one involving the Olin Foundation and the libertarian CATO Institute. Olin, whose president, William Simon, and executive director, James Piereson, are both close to Kristol, recently cut off the think tank's air supply because of what Simon called in a letter to CATO president Ed Crane its "unpatriotic" stance against the Gulf war. "My colleagues on the Board of Trustees and I will be reviewing our support for the CATO Institute shortly, at which time we will discuss whether or not we wish to remain associated," Simon wrote Crane in April. "If I have anything to say about it, as I expect I will, you will have to carry on your work without our support." Crane, who wrote Simon a seven-page response, says only, "We took a hit on the war from individuals and foundations."

Despite appearances, however, this does not really fit the pattern of the neo-paleo schism. Conservatives, not just the neo variety, overwhelmingly backed the war. And Simon, a multimillionaire who served President Ford as treasury secretary, is hardly a neocon, despite his relationship to Kristol. It's no surprise that a foundation he heads does not wish to support a think tank that was stridently anti-war. And CATO is by no means paleo, or even clearly conservative. Browsing through the annual reports of the four sisters, one finds many more grants that do not fit the pattern. Olin, for example, has funded Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum—a paleo bastion. Along with the others, it funds such non-neos as William F. Buckley and Paul Weyrich.

It's here that the conspiracy theory of the paleos breaks down. To answer these anomalies, Gottfried and Fleming define "neoconservative" tautologically, as anyone who gets money from neoconservative foundations. All exceptions prove the rule. After first saying CATO was held in thrall to the neocons by the trickle of foundation money, Gottfried has backtracked. He now argues that CATO's loss of foundation money shows the power of the neoconservatives. In a similar vein, he charged that *The American Spectator* was a neocon rag since it got $500,000 a year from the four sisters. After an article in that journal by David Frum asserted that the real amount was half that, Gottfried revised his estimate down to $45,000, charging that the magazine is trying to hide being cut off by the neocon central committee.

In Frum's view, the reason for the fight is ecological. "The conservative food supply has increased, but the conservative population has increased even faster," he says. The most persuasive, effective conservatives are the neoconservatives. Thus, they have garnered a growing share of what, since the stock market drop of 1987, has been a stagnant or shrinking pie. The dispute also keeps on for psychological reasons. In the wake of the cold

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war, even the neocons are divided among themselves: they're split on whether big government is an intrinsic evil, to what extent America should promote democracy abroad, and on a range of social issues. The one thing they do agree upon is that the "fever swamp" paleos are a bad, bigoted bunch. In that sense, they need them. And the paleos, who might come to blows with each other on any number of issues as well, couldn't be more united in their loathing of the "New York-Washington corridor." They need the neocons to elevate their own importance as well. Like most tormented relationships, it's not likely to end anytime soon. •

BCCI's Washington connection.

SHEIK TO SHEIK

By Howard L. Rosenberg

You don't need to follow every byzantine twist of the BCCI story to see that it's not just a tale of major international financial fraud. It's also a case study in how anybody, with the right contacts and enough money, can buy respectability in Washington. And few moments capture this process better than that spring day in 1981 when high-priced influence-peddlers—led by the venerated lawyer and lobbyist Clark Clifford—convinced the Federal Reserve Board of Governors to let a group of Mideast businessmen with dubious connections acquire control of the capital's largest banking company.

This vignette can be found in the pages of a still-confidential transcript obtained as part of a Freedom of Information Act request by CBS News. It shows that federal regulators were warned quite explicitly that something about the takeover of what is now First American Bankshares didn't smell right even then. But it also shows that the right suits and representation could override any qualms the regulators might have had.

The Mideast businessmen—led by Sheik Kamal Adham, the onetime chief of Saudi intelligence and a longtime client of BCCI—first tried in 1977 to take over Financial General Bankshares (now First American), a bank holding company with branches in Maryland, Virginia, and New York. Their application to the Federal Reserve was blocked the following year by the Securities and Exchange Commission, despite the best efforts of their attorney—Clark Clifford, an adviser to presidents from Truman to the then incumbent, Jimmy Carter.

In 1981 they made another try. After months of traditional maneuvering—the exchange of thousands of pages of documents, petitions, and affidavits—between the applicants and federal and state banking regulators, the Fed agreed to convene an unusual meeting to let anybody with a view on the issue have his say.

The sheiks themselves showed up at the stolid Fed building that day, April 23, 1981. Besides Adham, there were El Sayed El Sayed El Gohari and Abdul Raouf Khalil of Saudi Arabia and Faisal Saud al Fulaij of Kuwait—"rent-a-sheiks," Manhattan D.A. Robert Morgenthau called them when he announced indictments of BCCI officials for bank fraud late last month. At that meeting, however, the four men were introduced to the Fed staff as "passive investors" by Clifford, who was serving not just as their attorney but also as their fellow applicant. Between the first takeover attempt in 1977 and this one, Clifford had joined the board of Financial General, and he and his law partner Robert Altman created a pair of Cayman Islands holding companies financed by the sheiks specifically for the takeover bid. (They were called Credit and Commerce American Holdings and Credit and Commerce American Investments. The similarity of their names to the Bank of Credit and Commerce International, Clifford said, was just coincidental.)

Clifford was flanked at the meeting by Altman and attorneys from a couple of other blue chip firms, Baldwin Tuttle and James Fogelson. Chairing the hearing was Robert Mannion, at the time the deputy general counsel of the Federal Reserve. The Fed's chief of banking supervision and regulation was also there along with his assistant and three other senior staff members.

Nearly a dozen federal and state bank examiners and regulators showed up. Everyone had reason to suspect something was amiss; after all, the takeover of First American had already been rejected once. But they all chose to remain silent observers save one: Sidney Bailey, then and now the commissioner of Financial Institutions for the Commonwealth of Virginia. Now 60, Bailey has more than thirty years of experience keeping tabs on financial institutions as both a federal and state regulator. And though he's so reticent about his personal views that his wife has no idea whether he's a Democrat or Republican, he felt he could not in good conscience approve the application by the foreigners.

Bailey later described feeling at the hearing like "a mouse in a roomful of dancing elephants." He was required by the Fed to submit a list of his questions and objections in advance. These were provided to Clifford and Altman so they could prepare responses. After a cursory introduction of all the players, Bailey was invited to present his formal statement first, leaving the rest of the daylong meeting for Clifford and his clients to assuage any of the Fed's doubts.

The sheiks were prepared to pump $12 million into the bank right away. "It is obvious," said Bailey, "that the price which the applicants are prepared to pay ... bears little logical relationship to ... the actual book value. There can be little doubt that some incentive other than orthodox investment motives must have prompted this effort." Maybe, Bailey suggested, the Arab investors really wanted the bank because its far-flung offices in Washington and New York would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give them a foothold in "both the financial and government hubs of the United States."

No law bars foreign ownership of U.S. banks; indeed, the states have regulated foreign-owned banks for more than 100 years. But Federal Reserve policy clearly states that "foreign bank holding companies should be strong, reputable organizations with banking experience." Bailey was not only wary of the sheiks' banking experience (which was essentially nil), he was concerned about being able to get in touch with them in case of a potential insolvency or some other problem. The bank holding company created for the sheiks, Bailey charged, was nothing more than a "corporate shell," and he pleaded with the Fed staff not to approve the application until they knew more about whom these businessmen purported to represent

CLARK CLIFFORD BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

When Clifford spoke, he described his clients as "prominent businessmen." The men he represented had only the best interests of the bank and its customers in mind. "They do not intend to interfere," Clifford vowed. "They do not intend to sit on the Board of Directors.... They think it is an excellent investment." Calling Adham "His Excellency," Clifford declared, "I have come to have the deepest respect for his character, for his reputation, for his honor, and for his integrity. I'm proud," he concluded, "to be an associate of his."

Clifford openly admitted that none of the Mideast investors had any real banking experience aside from handling their own money, but he assured the Federal Reserve staff that the sheiks weren't going to run the bank anyway. Clifford and the other members of FG's board would do that. And Adham himself told him, Clifford said, " 'We want to be sure that the image of the Financial General is kept to be the same. It is an American operation.' "

As the leader of the investor group, Adham offered a brief description of his background—neglecting to mention his stint as chief of the Saudi intelligence service—and explained that he "was interested in finding appropriate investments in the United States and I contacted the Bank of Credit and Commerce International." BCCI, the sheik explained, recommended Financial General. When it was his turn, al Fulaij, the former head of Kuwaiti Airways, also testified that he was alerted to the Financial General investment opportunity by his advisers at BCCI.

Eyebrows rose. Two of the four foreign investors who wanted to take over a large American bank were directed toward the "opportunity" by advisers at BCCI, a bank that regulators suspected even then was involved in some mysterious and shady deals. "Is it just a coincidence," asked Mannion, "that BCCI is first asked by Sheik Adham" about buying a piece of FG and then al Fulaij was advised to do the same thing? While al Fulaij nodded, Adham replied, "Such things happen in our parts of the world." Both Clifford and Altman suggested the arrangement wasn't much different from Morgan Stanley or Merrill Lynch giving the same investment advice to two different clients, to which Adham added, speaking for the group: "I think that from the line of questions, it appears that there is doubt that there is somebody or BCCI is behind all of this deal. I would like to assure you that each one on his own rights will not accept in any way to be a cover for somebody else." "It just seems rather peculiar circumstances," responded Mannion lamely.

The meeting droned on for hours with Clifford and Altman, the investors and their attorneys, parrying objections and fielding questions about the suspected involvement of BCCI in the deal. "There is no function of any kind on the part of BCCI," Clifford said flatly. "I know of no present relationship. I know of no planned future relationship that exists, and other than that, I don't know what else there is to say."

Though Bailey wasn't allowed to speak again, he had a few other things to say. In a closing statement he submitted for the record a few days after the meeting, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complained that questions about the Mideast investors "have not been adequately addressed—unless one considers as satisfactory Mr. Clifford's saying (in effect) 'trust us.' "

Apparently that was satisfactory enough for the Federal Reserve Board of Governors. Four months after the meeting they brushed aside Bailey's objections, saying they "do not warrant denial of these applications," and approved the takeover, a decision they now bemoan. Clifford and Altman went on to serve as directors and officers of First American Bankshares, earning millions over the past decade. Both men vigorously deny any wrongdoing.

Exactly how much Federal Reserve officials were told that day about Adham and his fellow investors remains unclear; the transcript of the April 23 meeting is incomplete. That's because Fed officials acceded to requests by Clifford and Altman to classify as "confidential" portions of the transcripts about their clients' "personal financial information," and chunks of the proceedings were deleted from the record.

Everyone—Federal Reserve officials as well as Clifford and Altman—now says they were duped about the secret shenanigans of BCCI. So far banking regulators can find no evidence that BCCI exerted any real influence over First American, and they've given the bank a clean bill of financial health. Still, investigations by federal and state grand juries are continuing in Miami, Tampa, Atlanta, Washington, and New York. For its part, the Fed is also continuing to investigate the First American takeover, and last month officials said they would try to assess Adham, al Bilali and their BCCI buddies $200 million in civil penalties, in part for misrepresenting themselves at that 1981 meeting.

As for Sidney Bailey, when reporters ask whether he really figured out the whole scheme, he demurs and quotes a wizened old bank examiner who he says taught him the ropes: "I didn't know how near right I was."

HOWARD L. ROSENBERG is an investigative reporter and producer for the "CBS Evening News."

Why the Sobol Commission was right.

IN DEFENSE OF MULTICULTURALISM

By Nathan Glazer

I served as a member of the committee appointed by New York's commissioner of education, Thomas Sobol, to review the social studies syllabi in the state's elementary and high schools. Our committee, composed of academics and teachers, was not particularly biased toward strong advocates of multiculturalism. It included critics of the multicultural trend—Arthur Schlesinger, Kenneth Jackson, Paul Gagnon, and myself. Nevertheless, the report that emerged, "One Nation, Many Peoples: A Declaration of Cultural Interdependence," called for further acknowledgment of American diversity, and was severely attacked by some members of the committee, and in many editorials (see "Mr. Sobol's Planet," TNR, July 15 & 22), for further dissolving the common bonds that make us a nation. I also appended critical remarks to the report, yet had reservations in joining in a frontal attack. The report needs its sharp critics (it was undoubtedly the criticism that subsequently led Mr. Sobol to make recommendations to the Regents of New York State that most critics of multiculturalism would agree with). But we also need to see why the demand for something called multiculturalism is now so widespread, and why American education will have to respond to it.

Multiculturalism can mean many things, and no one argues with a curriculum that gives proper weight to the role of American Indians, blacks, Asians, and European immigrant and ethnic groups in American history. But as currently used, the word "multiculturalism" is something of a misnomer. It suggests a general desire or need for students to have something in the curriculum that relates to their own ethnic traits, if these exist, or to those of their parents or ancestors. I don't think this desire is particularly widespread among many ethnic groups. "We are all immigrants" is nice rhetoric, but in fact we are not all immigrants. Some of us came in the last decade, some of our parents came long before that, many millions of us have only the haziest idea of how many ancestors came from where. Since 1980 the census has included a new question, "What is your ancestry?" The great majority of respondents report two, three, or more ancestries. Tens of millions simply insist on being "American," and nothing else.

NATHAN GLAZER is professor of education and sociology at Harvard University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor does multiculturalism reflect the increased immigration of recent decades, particularly to some of our largest cities, such as New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Miami. It is not the new immigrants who are arguing for multiculturalism. Most of them would be content with the education provided to the previous waves of European immigrants, which paid not a whit of attention to their ethnic or racial background, or to their distinct culture or language. A product of that kind of education, I was also quite content with it.

But if it is not the new immigration that is driving the multicultural demands, what is? Multiculturalism in its present form derives basically from black educators. It is one of the longest settled elements in the American population that makes the sharpest case for multiculturalism. Asians, who make up half of current immigrants, are not much concerned. Nor are Spanish-speaking immigrants from Central and South America. Puerto Ricans and Mexican-Americans do tend to support bilingual education and the maintenance of the Spanish language. But they are definitely junior partners in the fight for multiculturalism.

I'm convinced that were it not for the pattern of poor achievement among blacks in the schools, the multicultural movement would lose much of its force. Even taking into account recent progress among blacks, shown in NAEP (National Assessment of Educational Progress) scores, SAT scores, and high school graduation rates, blacks still regularly score below whites, often below Hispanics and Native Americans, and far below Asians. Multiculturalism, and one of its variants, Afrocentrism, is presented to us by black educators and leaders as one of the means whereby this deficiency may be overcome.

It is not a new proposal, though it has achieved greater force and notoriety in the past few years. Many of us are simply not aware how far advanced our schools already are on the road to a black-oriented version of multiculturalism. The SATs, according to David Reich in *The New York Times*, are now thoroughly multicultural, the questions requiring knowledge of Zora Neale Hurston, Ralph Ellison, Richard Wright, Gwendolyn Brooks, Lorraine Hansberry, and Jackie Robinson (he comes up twice). The fiction reading is from Maya Angelou. Diane Ravitch and Chester Finn, in *What Do Our 17-Year-Olds Know?*, report that in a national sample of 17-year-olds more could identify Harriet Tubman than Winston Churchill or Joseph Stalin, more knew Tubman than knew that George Washington commanded the American Army during the Revolution, or that Lincoln wrote the Emancipation Proclamation.

The mass of materials that flowed in on us as we worked on our report showed how established multiculturalism was in New York state. One of the documents listed teachers' guides available from the State Education Department, in addition to the social studies syllabi. Of the seven publications available, four dealt with minorities and women. One of them, the most substantial, was a three-volume publication on the teaching of the Holocaust. A survey of in-service workshops completed by New York state teachers in 1990-91 showed that far more had taken workshops on African history, black studies, ethnic studies, multicultural education, and cultural diversity than on American and European history.

One of the reasons all this is so agitating to so many is historical. After all, when Jewish and Italian American students dominated the public schools of New York City, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were still on the walls, not Herzl and Garibaldi, and students were told that the Anglo-American forefathers of the American commonwealth were their forefathers. The students and their parents did not object, and most embraced the new identity. This background dominates much of the argument over multiculturalism. "We didn't get it, why should they? We didn't need it, why do they? We didn't want it, why do they?" But things change. They—and by that I mean primarily American blacks—may need it. I say "may" because we don't know. Nor are we clear on how many want it, but there are certainly a good number.

Multiculturalism today is in the same class as the proposals for schools for black boys, another desperate try to help black high school achievement. Or vouchers to permit black students to attend private black schools. In view of the extensive failure among low-income blacks, it is not easy to stand four-square against these proposals, particularly when advanced by black advocates aiming to overcome black school failure.

I do not see how school systems with a majority of black and Latino students, with black or Latino leadership at the top, as is true of almost all our big-city school systems, can stand firmly against the multicultural thrust. The new president of the New York City Board of Education, H. Carl McCall, is reported by *The New York Times* as saying he could support a school "focusing primarily, but not exclusively, on black male students" and that "an Afrocentric curriculum ... can be positive." One could add other testimonials, from members of other big-city school boards, and from school superintendents. In the big cities, in many schools, an unbalanced, indeed distorted view of American and world history and culture is prevailing. We should fight its excesses. Yet when set against the reality of majorities of black and Latino students in these schools, the political dominance of black and Latino administrators, the weak preparation of teachers and administrators in history, and the responsiveness of textbook publishers to organized pressure, the weight of the truth of history, as determined by the best scholars, is reduced to only one interest.

This may appear shocking, but it is not an entirely new phenomenon. In the elementary and high schools, a properly nuanced historical truth based on the best available evidence has always been only one interest among many. History in the schools has always played a socializing, nationalizing function (sometimes a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regional pride function, as in the Southern versions of some texts). That function was the inculcation of patriotism in immigrants, and their assimilation to a culture deriving from England, and the experience of English-speaking colonists.

Some recent trends, even without the pressure of multiculturalists, are already changing that pattern. The most important is the general challenge to an unquestioning, simple, and direct American patriotism. After the past twenty years, with the relative decline of American power and the doubts about an unblemished American virtue, we will not have the triumphalist history that prevailed until a few decades ago. Our little war in Iraq will not turn around this tendency to be skeptical about the American past and present. (The worst of all histories, except for all the others, we might say.)

What does one do in the face of these trends? One thing is to fight the errors, distortions, untruths, imbalances. Some of the comments attached to the report did that, and the report fortunately did not add further weight to the more extreme claims. But the sharper critics of the report, I believe, have failed to recognize that demographic and political pressures change the history that is to be taught. They direct us to look for things we could not have noticed before. Assertions that are at first glance fantastic may have to be given some modest acquiescence. Yes, it seems that there were some Egyptian pharaohs who were racially black. (What one makes of it is another matter.) Yes, it seems that some ancient Greeks believed that they got their gods, myths, mystical knowledge from ancient Egypt. Martin Bernal's *Black Athena* will eventually leave some deposit in textbook accounts. (It will be ironic if one consequence of Afrocentrism is that our students, who know nothing of ancient Greece and less of ancient Egypt, will now be forced to learn something in order to accommodate the argument of African influences!) Yes, there is another side to the story of the expansion of Europe and imperialism. Yes, it is possible that, as the economic historian Barbara Solow argues, the weight of slave-produced plantation products was much greater in shaping the economy of the American colonies than is generally understood. Yes, there is a Mexican perspective on the Mexican-American War, and when one deals with classes that are dominantly Latin American it would be best to know it. And so on.

Black and Hispanic advocates will call for these new perspectives; historians, attracted by new ideas, politicized by new trends, looking for new topics, will explore them, and their researches will over time change weight and nuance in the treatment of various issues in the textbooks. It's happened before; it will happen again.

Yet another development bears on the multicultural problem. This is the push for more choice in the public school system. That effort, supported by conservatives today, was first introduced as a policy alternative in American education in the late 1960s by liberals and radicals. Choice bears upon this debate because it implies diversity of curricula, because there should be something to choose among. It implies that quite a range of emphases may be offered, from Afrocentrism to Eurocentrism—perhaps, some have noted in alarm, the spectrum will run all the way from black Muslims to white racists.

In Milwaukee today hundreds of low-income black students attend, with state grants, inner-city black private schools, some of which emphasize Afrocentrism or black nationalism in their curricula. This program under strong attack by the local teachers' union and others, has been adopted less because Milwaukee black leaders want to promote Afrocentrism than because they are fed up with the poor education their children receive in the public schools and hope that private schools, whatever their orientation, will do better—a view bolstered by the researches of James Coleman, John Chubb, and Terry Moe.

The movement for choice means the acceptance of more diversity in school curricula. At the margin, this diversity can be limited, if public funds are to be provided to assist choice. But there seems to me a kind of contradiction in simultaneously insisting on a strong, common, assimilationist curriculum in the public schools and accepting a wide range of diversity in the non-public school system. The line between the two systems and the two functions will not be easily maintained.

Inevitably, the current debate is focused on high-profile reports, large statements. But much of it ignores the reality of what goes on in American schooling. While multiculturalism and Afrocentrism race ahead in some schools and systems, others may happily continue to be the schools many of us remember and approve of, with only some modest modifications to prepare students for tests with a surprisingly high content of questions dealing with blacks and women, and particularly black women. The New York state report is only one step in a process that is far from concluded. The syllabi we reviewed are not required or imposed. The specific curricula of the classrooms are developed by hundreds of school districts, thousands of schools, many thousands of administrators and teachers. The syllabi are themselves broad outlines with examples. Many schools in the state already do more in the way of "multiculturalism" than the syllabi call for, many do less, and this ragged pattern will continue.

Whatever the strength of the multicultural thrust, I believe that American history in its main lineaments will have to be what it has been, and will not become completely alien to those of us educated in another time. We will find the story of the settlement by the English, but students will also be told that the Spaniards got to New Mexico and Florida first. The description of colonial America will place more emphasis on blacks, slave and free. The War for Independence will still play a large role, but we will now certainly find the blacks who fought in the war, along with Pulaski, von Steuben, Lafayette, and Haym

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARENTS: SIGN UP NOW FOR STUDENT AID!

Whatever they're planning on studying... chances are, we've been studying it, too. And to send along a little student aid in the form of the New Republic's special brand of intelligence, wit and insight, we've created a special subscription, with a special price, just for students and educators. Fill out the offer below. A weekly course in The New Republic means great extra-curricular reading for *your* favorite students.

YES! Start my special student/educator's subscription to The New Republic today; thirty-four weeks for just $24.99. (U.S. addresses only)

Send to:
Name _____
College/University _____ Grad. Yr. _____
Address _____
_____

Bill to:
Name _____
Address _____
_____

Please charge my:
☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX
Acct. # _____
Exp. Date _____ Interbank _____
Signature _____

Allow 3-5 weeks for delivery of first issue
Offer good only on *new* student and educator subscriptions

Mail to:
The New Republic
P.O. Box 56515
Boulder, CO 50322
For fast startup outside of Colorado call 1-800-274-6350

5SGA2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Solomon. The Constitution will maintain its centrality, but we will now emphasize the argument over slavery, the references to the Indians. The expansion westward will emphasize how nasty we were to the Indians and the Mexicans. The struggle over slavery leading to the Civil War will emphasize even more strongly the criminal failure of Reconstruction and the importance of the postwar amendments and their role. The story of industrialization and the rise of the city will include more about the immigrants and the black migration north. And so on.

The skeletal structure will remain, because we still live under the polity established by the Constitution, and it is in that polity, under that Constitution, that racial and ethnic and minority groups and women seek to expand their rights. It will be quite a job to keep nonsense and exaggeration and mindless ethnic and racial celebration out of the schools, but the basic structure of instruction in history will survive.

In my own comments, attached to the report, I took issue with the attempt to turn the United States into a congeries of ethnic and racial groups, and nothing more. Assimilation is a reality; scores of millions of unhyphenated Americans, who owe no allegiance to any identity other than American, are evidence of that. And assimilation continues to work its way, through the processes of work and of entertainment, with less help from the schools than before.

In this respect, present-day immigrants will not be very different from previous immigrants. They will assimilate. But one group, because of its experience of cruel, centuries-long ill treatment, is not yet fully incorporated in this generally successful process of nation-building. Present-day multiculturalism is a product of that apartness. Most of those who embrace it, I believe, do so in the hope that it will overcome that apartness. They want, in some key respects, to become more like other Americans—for example, in educational achievement—not different from them, and believe that the way to becoming more like them is to take more account of difference, and yes, of ill-treatment, of past and current achievement, even if exaggerated.

That is where we stand, and while some parts of this phenomenon are alarming enough, the proper parallel is not with Serbia and Croatia, or even Quebec. It is with our own American past, and the varying ways over time in which people of different race, religion, and ethnic background have become one nation. •

Who gets the White House M&Ms.

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S PERKS

By Fred Barnes

On a warm and sunny spring day Bonnie Newman, then assistant to the president for management and administration of the Bush White House, ate lunch at the Occidental restaurant with two former presidential aides, Jonathan Miller and Christopher Hicks. The restaurant is one block from the White House. As 2 p.m. neared Newman announced that she had to get back to attend a Cabinet meeting. Miller and Hicks offered to walk her back. No need, she said. And Newman hurried to a black car with chauffeur on Pennsylvania Avenue that had brought her to the restaurant and was waiting to take her back.

The Bush White House is no Versailles, but there are plenty of perks for the president and his staff. Access to car and driver, even for an obscure aide whose destination is only a few hundred yards away, is a classic White House perk. It has the three necessary attributes: it's a special privilege, it's a convenience, and it's a status symbol. Like most perks, it sends a signal not only to average working stiffs in Washington but to everyone in the executive branch and Congress. The signal: hey, I'm somebody to be reckoned with.

Michael Boskin, the chairman of the president's Council of Economic Advisers, could make his way to work without a chauffeur. And there aren't many instances when he must be rushed to Bush's side to dispense emergency economic advice. But Boskin wanted a driver. His predecessor, Beryl Sprinkel, had wangled "portal-to-portal" service. This is what Cabinet members, Democratic and Republican leaders of the Senate and House, and John Sununu, the White House chief of staff, get. It consists of a full-time chauffeur to pick you up in the morning, take you home at night, and drive wherever you wish during the day (even if it's a stamp auction in New York, as in Sununu's case). Sprinkel urged Boskin to insist on portal-to-portal when he took the economic adviser's job. Boskin did, and got it.

Not all White House officials get cars. But they are eligible for better, cheaper vacations than the rest of us.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And I'm not talking about the handful of aides who go to Kennebunkport, Maine, with Bush. White House officials have a claim on special resort houses run by the National Park Service. Presidential Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater, Sununu deputy Andrew Card, and their families are spending a week this August at Brinkerhoff House, a log lodge in Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming. It has a large stone fireplace, and its picture window overlooks Jackson Lake and the Teton Range. Total cost for eight people: $152 a day.

All this may smack of an American monarchy or at least an imperial presidency, but it could be worse. In fact, it was worse in the perk-crazy days of the Nixon White House. Patrick Buchanan, who worked for both Nixon and Reagan, knows the difference. "When I was a speechwriter under Nixon in the final days, I had portal-to-portal service," he says. "When I came back in 1985 at a higher level under Reagan, I didn't." He inquired about a White House phone in his home, which he'd had in the Nixon era. No way, presidential aide Christopher Hicks told him. "Times have changed." Nixon and his aides took visitors sailing down the Potomac River on the presidential yacht, Sequoia, to Mount Vernon. Rather than fight the current on the return trip, they'd fly back to the White House by helicopter. Now the yacht is gone. Jimmy Carter had it sold.

Shortly after Bush was elected in 1988, he told Card, "I want Rose Zamaria to be in charge of perks." She worked for Bush when he was a representative in the late 1960s, and had since retired to Florida. Card tracked her down and summoned her to Washington. As deputy assistant to the president for White House operations, she carefully rations the cuff links, tie clips, and other presidential trinkets that aides distribute. Bush gets all he wants, and he hands out the $35 cuff links and tie clips; aides are restricted to the $5 trinkets. The difference is the raised presidential insignia rather than a White House seal that's merely painted on. (The Republican National Committee, by the way, pays for this stuff.) Zamaria "says that if too many are given out, their value is diminished," a White House official notes. She grills aides who want to use the presidential boxes at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. "Most people don't even try to go to the Kennedy Center anymore," laments Fitzwater.

Every August Reagan threw a blast for the press who covered him in Santa Barbara. It cost more than $5,000, and the White House had the RNC foot the bill. The frugal Zamaria doesn't like that approach. When the White House throws a hot dog roast for reporters in August at Bush's house in Kennebunkport, she bills the president personally. Last year the tab was about $800. Zamaria doesn't handle planes, so she's not to blame for Sununu's subsidized flights. "The only way to curb Sununu's travel is to make Rose his travel agent," says a White House official.

The austerity of the post-Nixon White House is relative. Perk fever rages, only not as recklessly. Tough as Zamaria is, the White House is a perk-rich environment. How rich? Here's a rundown, starting at the top:

Presidential perks. Bush and the First Lady are treated like sole occupants of a superluxury hotel. And they get road service. When Bush travels, a White House steward goes along to supervise the preparation of his meals—and to make sure he isn't poisoned. If Bush appears at a Republican fund-raiser at the Century Plaza Hotel, his steward puts on a Century Plaza waiter's uniform, checks out his meal, and then serves it to him. There are ninety-six full-time positions on the White House residence staff. Among them are butlers, maids, doormen, housemen, chefs, carpenters, plumbers, engineers, electricians, painters, and an accountant. There are four florists, four calligraphers, and five people in the curator's office. Sure, many of these folks keep the White House in shape for official functions, state dinners, and tourists. But they also serve the personal needs of the Bushes.

One Monday last January when Barbara Bush was out of town, the president decided to invite buddies such as Treasury Secretary Nick Brady, Commerce Secretary Robert Mosbacher, and bank lobbyist Lud Ashley to a stag dinner. He notified the unsuspecting staff late in the afternoon to prepare dinner for eight. They managed. Bush has a $50,000 entertainment budget to pay for the food for such dinners; the labor is free. Sometimes on short notice, Bush holds movie parties in the theater in the White House basement, inviting friends, aides, reporters, and military personnel. The White House projectionist gets first-run films directly from distributors. Bush knows what he wants. "When you've got your own theater and can get any movie you want, you keep up with them," says Rex Scouten, White House curator. But Bush isn't always pleased with his choice. Last year he gathered a group to watch *Always*, starring Holly Hunter and Richard Dreyfuss. Popcorn and soft drinks were served. Afterward Bush polled his guests, "What'd you think on a scale of one to ten?" Bush gave the movie a three.

Bush doesn't use the bowling alley in the White House or the one in the Old Executive Office Building next door. (Nixon was once photographed bowling in dress slacks, a long-sleeved shirt, and tie.) But he uses the tennis court—Reagan didn't—and his children bring their kids and the kids' friends to swim in the White House pool. For weekends Bush has the presidential retreat at Camp David in the Catoctin Mountains of Maryland, run by the U.S. Navy. Nixon aides used secret military funds to have it enlarged and renovated. Bush invites his children and grandchildren, administration officials, and foreign leaders such as Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev. The weekend after the war against Iraq began, he and Barbara hosted House Speaker Tom Foley and his wife, Heather.

Titles. The higher your rank in the White House staff, the more perks you get. Everyone wants to be a "commissioned officer," which covers assistants to the presi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent, deputy assistants, and special assistants. The rest—presidential speechwriters, for example—are just White House staffers. The number of commissioned officers grows with each administration. Top assistants try to get commissioned status for their underlings. William Clark, as Reagan's national security adviser, persuaded the president that all ten National Security Council section chiefs should be special assistants. Under Bush, they still are.

Commissioned officers get a leather-bound "commission book," which is wallet-sized proof of White House employment. When they leave it's stamped "cancelled" and given to them. Jack Koehler worked in Reagan's second term for only ten days as communications director, but he pleaded with the White House for his stamped book. He got it. Commissioned officers also get diplomatic passports, access to White House cars, coveted parking spaces on West Executive Avenue alongside the West Wing, and the right to eat breakfast and lunch in the White House mess or, in case of assistants and deputy assistants, in the eight-table Executive Dining Room. "You want to have a mediocre meal where everybody's eavesdropping in a dreary setting, then go to the White House mess," says a former official. But food and ambience aren't everything; it's the honor of the thing. Assistants and deputy assistants also are entitled to use the exercise room (weights, sauna, whirlpool, shower, lockers) in the basement of the Executive Office Building. Lower-ranking officials are relegated to the gym across Pennsylvania Avenue in the New Executive Office Building, and they're required to pay dues for it. One more thing: commissioned officers can use the title "honorable." It looks nice on letters.

Titles without perks are eagerly sought too. As Reagan's economic adviser, Martin Feldstein was miffed that he wasn't listed as part of the "official party" to an economic summit. He was a member of Reagan's delegation, but that wasn't enough. He complained to Mike Deaver, then deputy chief of staff. "Who do you want me to get rid of?" Deaver asked. "The president? The vice president? The secretary of treasury? Secretary of state? Chief of staff?" At a 1981 economic summit, then Secretary of State Alexander Haig fumed because he wasn't seated in the president's helicopter. He groused about the disgrace of riding in the third chopper. Aides also jockey to ride close to the president's limousine in motorcades. "Where you sit at the State of the Union address is very important to everybody," says Deaver, "because it's a town of appearances."

Offices and phones. Everyone wants an office in the West Wing as close to the president as possible. The Executive Office Building next door is Siberia. Robert Gates, Bush's deputy national security adviser, is in the West Wing, but just barely. His office is bathroom-sized. It's on the first floor, though, where the president works. During the Reagan administration Buchanan balked at moving to the second floor, instead taking a windowless office a few paces from the Oval Office. "You don't go to the White House for the view," he says. "I had the office between Ronald Reagan and [Vice President] George Bush. That's where you want to be. Proximity means a lot."

Having a White House telephone at home signifies status. With a "White House drop," you can pick up the phone, get the Signal Corps switchboard, and call anywhere in the world. About two dozen Bushies have them, and roughly one-third of them have a separate "secure" phone, kept in a safe at home, for classified calls. Under Reagan, deputy chief of staff Dennis Thomas was threatened with being the only assistant to the president without a special phone at home. He argued and got one. Jennifer Hirschberg, Mrs. Reagan's press secretary for a spell, insisted she needed one because her 14-year-old daughter used her regular phone all the time. She didn't get one. White House aides fought to get slim, state-of-the-art pagers. The larger, older pagers performed as well, but had less status value.

Cars and planes. Under a 1986 law only six White House aides are entitled to portal-to-portal limo service. The president picks the six, or fewer. Bush chose four: Sununu, Boskin, national security adviser Brent Scowcroft, and Gates. But budget director Richard Darman and his deputy, a post not filled at the moment, are provided portal-to-portal under another section of the law. The president can further designate ten non-Cabinet agency employees for this perk. The lobbying is intense. Chief of Protocol Lucky Roosevelt went right to Reagan with her bid. She failed. As head of the Agency for International Development, Peter McPherson plugged for one. When the subject of McPherson's car came up at a dinner party, Jonathon Miller, as perk dispenser under Reagan in 1986 and 1987, almost came to blows with an AID official. McPherson didn't get portal-to-portal. Bush has designated only two non-Cabinet officials for this perk: Chief of Protocol Joseph Reed and AID administrator Ronald Roskens.

Lacking portal-to-portal, officials aren't exactly without wheels. There's a huge motor pool that provides car and driver for trips around town. If you're on the "A" list—for assistants and deputy assistants to the president—you can get a government car to take you to social events like lunches and dinner parties. At lunchtime the black cars with drivers twiddling their thumbs are easy to spot outside some of Washington's fancy restaurants. Thomas Dawson, as a Reagan aide, felt guilty when he and his wife were chauffeured from the West Wing to a party. "I don't do this often," he said the driver. "Some folks do it four or five nights a week," the driver answered.

Use of military planes by senior White House officials was held in check until one day in 1987 when Secretary of State George Shultz couldn't reach either chief of staff Howard Baker or national security adviser Frank Carlucci because they were on commercial flights. Despite his imperial image, chief of staff Donald Regan took only two round-trip flights and two one-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ways on military planes in twenty-six months. But Shultz got Reagan to sign authorization for the chief of staff and security adviser to use military planes. They did until Sununu abused the privilege by taking seventy-seven flights. Now it's up to White House Counsel Boyden Gray to decide if a military plane is appropriate.

Other perks. For those who can't make it to the Tetons, there's Camp Hoover in Shenandoah National Park in Virginia, Bodie Island Cottage at Cape Hatteras National Seashore in North Carolina, the beachfront Little Cinnamon House in Virgin Islands National Park, and a few other apparatchik-only resorts. Vice President Walter Mondale and Larry Speakes, Reagan's press secretary, were regulars at Camp Hoover, named after the president who donated it. The prices are exceptionally reasonable. Cinnamon House costs $90 a day for a party of four.

Presidential aides can take friends to the front of the White House tour line and sneak them in for photographs with the president. Zamaria hasn't discouraged use of the presidential boxes at the Kennedy Center altogether. They're still sought by White House aides. The price is right—zero. Since the demand for White House trinkets is great, they follows. For those who used the tennis court in the Reagan era, there were special Izod shirts with "White House" over the alligator and "Tennis Court" beneath. There are presidential golf balls, golf tees, and glasses. Supply doesn't always match demand. The clamor for highball and lowball glasses with the presidential seal and Reagan's signature was so great that they had to be kept under lock and key. It didn't work. Reagan wanted to take some glasses with him on retiring to California. When aides checked the safe, none was there.

John Rogers, a resourceful Reagan aide now nominated to be undersecretary of state for management, found in an attic pieces of the old cork floor from the Oval Office. Some had cleat marks from Dwight Eisenhower's golf shoes (his putting green was just outside the Oval Office). Rogers put them in lucite with the inscription: "This fragment of cork was part of the floor installed in the White House Oval Office in 1934. The floor supported six Presidents of the United States before it was removed in 1969." Reagan gave the floor souvenirs, packaged in a blue jewelry case with presidential seal, to visitors, Cabinet members, and aides. Rogers also gathered the canisters from the twenty-one-gun salutes at Reagan's inaugurations in 1981 and 1985 and turned them into mementos.

Air Force One. Small wonder that Bush scheduled takeoff at 2 a.m. for his trip to Paris and London in July. The new Air Force One provides luxurious accommodations for him to stretch out and sleep, or do practically anything else. The $181.5 million Boeing 747 has a conference room, a presidential office, a computer center, an operating room for emergency surgery by the personal doctor who always travels with the president, eighty-five phones, a facsimile machine, and numerous VCRs. The plane has room for seventy passengers and twenty-three crew members. Initial plans called for twice as many passengers. Deaver lobbied against that. He said it would increase the already great pressure by members of Congress, administration officials, and White House aides to gain another perk, a trip with the president on Air Force One.

Those who get a ride have a tangible way of letting folks know. They can swipe the special M&Ms with the presidential seal and "Air Force One" on the box, then leave the candy in plain view at home or office. (The plane formerly featured cigarettes with "Air Force One" on the pack.) In 1988 the White House contacted M&M Mars Company and asked it to design a presidential candy box in time for Reagan's trip to the Moscow summit. Nancy took a supply of boxes off the plane and handed them out to Russian schoolchildren.

Press. By covering the White House, reporters get perks—and not just M&Ms. They get invited to state dinners, can arrange special VIP tours for friends at the White House, acquire autographed pictures of the president, attend an annual Christmas party hosted by the President and First Lady, and so on. TNR's Morton Kondracke watched the Super Bowl with the Reagans in the White House theater. I got one of those souvenir cork fragments from the Oval Office floor.

The best press perk is covering a president's trip home to retirement. On that flight you're allowed to join the staff in looting the plane. On Gerald Ford's final ride on Air Force One on January 20, 1977, Thomas DeFrank of *Newsweek* says he grabbed only a hand towel with "Air Force One" embossed on it; other reporters seized "the cigarettes, the candy, the candy dish, the glasses, the fruit, the fruit basket." Later he told a steward he was embarrassed at how much his colleagues had confiscated. When he swore he'd taken only a hand towel, the steward said he deserved a reward. He got a double deck of Gerald Ford playing cards.

Are perks a problem? Maybe, but hardly a threat to democracy. Herald trumpeters to announce the president's arrival, the playing of "Hail to the Chief," and Marine guards outside the West Wing were restored in 1981. These ceremonial perks didn't go to Reagan's head or Bush's. Most perks don't cost all that much, and some are necessary. "But there are people for whom these things take on enormous importance, too much," says Mitch Daniels, White House political director in Reagan's second term. They want to be a caste apart, and hunger for ways to flaunt their status. Wearing presidential cuff links, the expensive ones the president hands out, is one way to show a "flash of power," says a former White House official. The amazing thing is how much energy is devoted to accumulating trifling symbols of influence that would go unrecognized outside Washington. White House officials beg to be listed as "essential" personnel who must show up for work in a blizzard. The heartbreak of being "non-essential" would be too much. Only in Washington, though. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Billionaires and Lesser Folk

I'm glad I got a glimpse of Mel Brooks on a talk show the night before his new film opened. I got some reassurance that the old Borscht Belt *tummler* isn't dead. This would be hard to tell from his new film itself. **Life Stinks** (MGM) is a sorrily desperate piece of work.

Brooks simply didn't know what he wanted to do, and he kept on not knowing for about 100 minutes. Four writers worked on the original story, three of whom—including Brooks—went on to patch together the screenplay, but it's just grab grab grab all the way out of several different grab bags.

The premise isn't hopeless. Brooks is a ruthless tycoon who has made $6.5 billion. For various trumped-up reasons, he bets an equally ruthless billionaire that, stripped of money and identity, he can survive thirty days on the streets in the worst part of downtown Los Angeles. At once we know that he'll come out all right in the end, and we hope we'll see how a ruthless, clever man deals with the urban jungle. Not a bit of it. The moment he's dropped off in the street, he's panic stricken, helpless. He accepted the bet confidently. But with confidence in what? In about thirty seconds this monster who clawed his way to great power is absolutely forlorn.

Well, that finishes *that* picture—the Crusoe on an urban island full of savages. We then proceed to bits and pieces of other pictures. There's romance in the rubble with a bag lady, but a bag lady (Lesley Ann Warren) who is very pretty and has perfect teeth. There are bits seemingly lifted from the Three Stooges, face-slappings and head-bangings—the only moments when Brooks seems at ease. There's a dollop of *The Lower Depths*, with a derelict named Sailor played well by Howard Morris—too well for this fake-along picture. (He is put through a lot of purportedly heart-rending stuff and then is cheated of a death scene—he's found dead in the street.) At the end there's some Frank Capra, as Brooks rallies the homeless, who are being bulldozed out of their shacks, to fight for their rights. There's even a hint of *My Man Godfrey*—a formerly rich man living in a Hooverville.

What makes this even more excruciating is that Brooks cannot act. He can perform: *Blazing Saddles, Silent Movie*, among others showed that he can clown manically. (I once lay on my living-room floor at midnight doubled up with laughter while, on a TV show, Brooks parodied Frank Sinatra singing "America the Beautiful.") But as the remake of *To Be or Not to Be* and other items proved, he cannot in any legitimate sense act. Throughout great chunks of *Life Stinks* he just hangs around waiting for the clown moments.

His directing here is not quite as good as his acting.

Boyz N the Hood (Columbia) is the latest in the New Black Wave, written and directed by the 23-year-old John Singleton. Hood means neighborhood. The picture centers on the part of Los Angeles where Singleton and some of his cast grew up—not ghetto-slummy but nonetheless a war zone.

Singleton tells the story of a black youth growing to late adolescence amid drugs and drug-related crime, trying to keep straight under the tutelage of a father who is strong on discipline. (His divorced mother agrees early on that it would be better for her son to be raised by a male.) Around the growing boy are his friends, male and female. Most of them get mired in difficult circumstances. For the central character, all finally works out well.

The ending's attempt at cheer is not one of the picture's faults: many black youths certainly do come through troubles to lead good lives. Where this film seems to me patently fabricated, unlike *Hangin' with the Homeboys* and *Straight Out of Brooklyn*, is in its form. The earlier films, especially *Hangin' with the Homeboys*, tried to move away from a mere chronicle of woes into forms that, without mitigating truth, gave truth added impact through the vitality of its telling. Formally, *Boyz* is just one more old-time bad-neighborhood picture. Instead of, say, Manhattan's Lower East Side in Prohibition days, it's an LA lower-middle-class black neighborhood afflicted with drugs. And Singleton's control of his picture's flow is much less firm than was the other directors'.

Larry Fishburne, the vigorous black

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Hangin' with the Homeboys. *Some keen insight, some humor, much compassion in this seemingly casual but deftly structured account of young blacks and Hispanics. (Reviewed 8/5/91)* **Jungle Fever.** *Spike Lee has already reached the point where a new film of his must be seen. His main subject here, an interracial love affair, is less well handled than other matters, but his directing grows. (7/29/91)* **My Father's Glory** *and* **My Mother's Castle.** *Two golden-glow companion features, based on Marcel Pagnol's account of his boyhood in Provence. Even if it couldn't possibly have been as idyllic as this, we're glad he remembered it this way. (7/15&22/91)* **Straight Out of Brooklyn.** *Less dexterous than it might be, this drama of life in a black Brooklyn housing project has force. Written and directed by 19-year-old Matty Rich. (8/5/91)* **-SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actor familiar from *King of New York* and *Class Action*, is irresistible as the hero's father, a devotee of discipline and of the belief that the white man is the enemy. A rap singer who calls himself Ice Cube is sullenly, scowlingly appealing as the hero's friend.

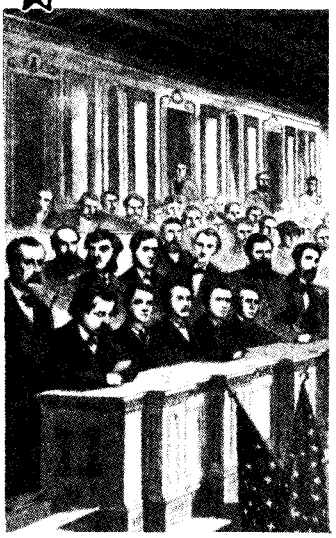
Trust (Fine Line) is an independent—which means low-budget—feature by Hal Hartley, his second such. (I missed his first, *The Unbelievable Truth.*) It's a self-contradictory piece of work. From its first moments, Hartley's screenplay is a leaden trudge through grim white suburban drama, counterpointed with attempts at dark humor. For instance, a minute after a Long Island teenage girl tells her father that she is pregnant, he drops dead of a heart attack. This seems sheer gaucherie pretending to be sardonic comment on conventional drama. The girl is thrown out of the house by her mother and meets a twentyish electronics genius who is having trouble with his father. The two young people team up, weather all kinds of woes—some of them also possibly intended as sardonic comment on plotting. Finally dawn breaks over Long Island.

None of this would be much more than a glob of unfocused material if it were not for Hartley's manifest other gifts as director. The very first shot (Hartley spurns establishing shots of locale) is a close-up of the girl's face with another face in the background. This is arresting: we feel as if we have suddenly slipped down a chute into some lives. Throughout the picture, Hartley frames well, without fussiness. And he moves the film along smoothly at just the right pace.

His special excellence, however, is in his casting and use of actors. They are, without exception, exceptionally good. Adrienne Shelly, the girl, looks something like a cross between Rebecca de Mornay and Rosanna Arquette: if she's not quite in the class of the former, she has more talent than the latter. Martin Donovan carries inner secrets well as the young electronics genius trying to fight a world full of fakery. Merritt Nelson, who has a really explorable face, is the girl's mother; she conveys that her frequent complaints don't really express her deepest troubles. In his woolen ski cap, John MacKay, the boy's father, churns with the bile of a man whose disappointments in himself come out in tyranny of the son he describes to others as a genius.

Everybody concerned, including the cinematographer Michael Spiller and the editor Nick Gomez, deserves a better screenplay next time—and certainly they all deserve a next time. •

Press Gallery



CONGRESS AND THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS

Donald A. Ritchie

"A dandy book...

[It is] sometimes startling, sometimes dismaying and constantly illuminating. Mr. Ritchie's intelligent idea, deftly executed, is that a history of Washington journalism, organized around sketches of emblamatic correspondents from particular epochs, can reveal the slow transformation of journalism from a craft into a profession... Ritchie's narrative, rich in astonishing details, demonstrates that through most of Washington's history the relationship between the press and the politicians has been more intimate than adversarial."

—George F. Will,
New York Times Book Review

$29.95 cloth. At bookstores or from

Harvard University Press
Cambridge, MA 02138
(617) 495-2480

Get TV reception you never had before, with...

Antenna Multiplier™

only $29.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

• *The Antenna Multiplier significantly boosts UHF, VHF Television and AM, FM, & Shortwave radio reception.*

You won't need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if you are not you will now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its unprepossessing housing, the *Antenna Multiplier*™ hides a small technical miracle—an array of electronic components that literally multiplies the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier*™ stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates "ghosts" and static, and brings in stations that were until now only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate any outdoor antenna completely, making yourself independent of bad weather interference and atmospheric disturbances. The *Multiplier*™ needs no outside power—it gets its "juice" right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier*™ on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table, or hang it on the wall. And, of course, you can bid your messy and ineffective rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas good-bye. *Antenna Multiplier*™ will not just enhance your TV reception manifold, it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers.

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier*™ in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier*™. Order it today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1429A969. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $5.95 for one, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edward Rothstein on Music

The Sight of Music

I.

Watching Carlos Kleiber conduct the first movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is like being caught in some fluid and circuitous current, curling about one's senses. Everything is liquid, every gesture a continuation of the one before. But everything is also precisely and carefully articulated. When the rushing patterns and strokes of the introduction taper off, Kleiber makes the rhythmic shifts seem like an alteration in the passage of time itself. His hands guide the players from silence to silence. Then he leans forward as if to share a secret, rolls his baton in the air to mark the new pulse, and the main theme enters. And having set events in motion, Kleiber simply stands back, waiting. The phrasing is playful, exuberant, but almost private in its casual abandon. Kleiber just nods his eyes in the right direction and then rocks his body as if singing to himself, only raising his baton when he, like the music, can no longer contain himself.

Another vision: Cherubino has just run into Susanna's room and is breathlessly teasing her with his infatuations. "Every woman makes me tremble," he sings with adolescent sighs. He is, he says, possessed by "a desire I can't explain." His eyes are bleary, intoxicated, his brow sweaty with imaginings, his world dizzy with youthful desire. His aria fairly pants with passion, as he seems to swoon before Susanna. And she seems to whirl around him. As his voice is heard, however, his lips do not move: for the aria that we are hearing we are also watching, as the beginning of Cherubino's thoughts, not his words.

Neither of these visions could be experienced on a recording or in a concert hall. Not only is Kleiber too rarely found in either, but even on the podium his expressions and gestures would hardly be visible. As for the instructions of Cherubino's eyes, opera performance makes facial expression almost irrelevant; direction depends on grosser expression, on the stage tableaux themselves, not on the movements of eyebrows and chins. But both moments can be found on laserdiscs, those LP-sized discs that look like giant CDs but contain video as well as audio tracks. My first example is drawn from a disc of remarkable performances of Beethoven's Fourth and Seventh Symphonies released by Philips, and my second from a stunning home video version of *The Marriage of Figaro,* conducted by Karl Bohm and directed by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, released by Deutsche Grammophon.

These examples illustrate two different relationships that may exist between the visual and the musical. In the first, Kleiber's physical gestures are illuminations and interpretations of the musical gestures of the score. They provide images of the music, designed to communicate to the players the appropriate textures and phrasing. They make corporeally manifest aspects of music that lie beyond the reach of ordinary notation. They reveal the inaudible aspect of the audible, allowing silence to hold our attention, or a pulse to be established before a sound is played.

The second image is not an illumination of the music. Indeed, it seems to be its opposite. It is jarring to see a silent face swooning while the music is full of subtle vocal shadings. It seems, at first, to be mere artifice, a face shot in extreme expressions accompanied by something equally artificial—a recording dubbed over the image. But this flirtation with artifice issues in a potent interpretation of the aria. The entire Ponnelle production, in fact, for all its affectations, is an extraordinary dramatization of the tension between the secret and the known, between private desire and public manners. The suggestion that Cherubino's passions derive from an overflowing inner life amplifies the music without undoing it.

The video presentation of music, then, is not just a "record" of a performance, or sound with sight added. It is, rather, its own medium, with its own aesthetic intentions, language, and demands. And it is now becoming more and more a part of what one music magazine has called "the classical music lifestyle."

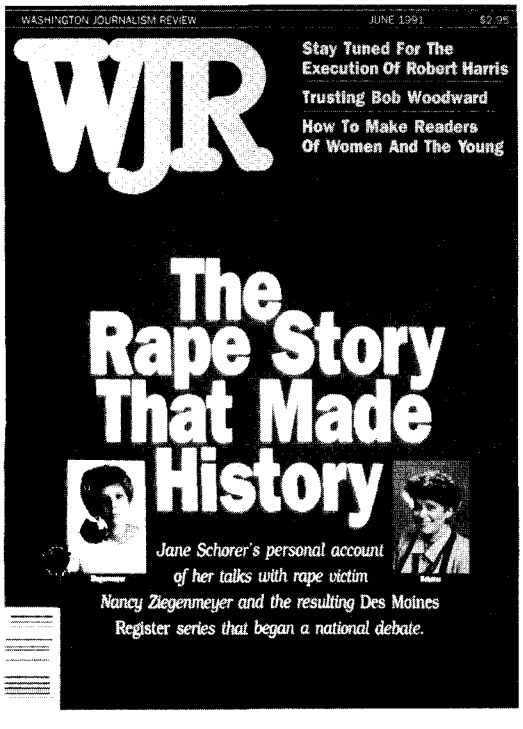
Forty years ago, a concert on television was a novelty, nothing more than a "you are there" recreation. Now, after the Metropolitan Opera's productions of Wagner's *The Ring* have been seen by more viewers on television than have ever seen it live during the past century, as "Great Performances" becomes a fixture of the PBS scene, as VCR tapes and now laserdiscs (or CD videos, as some companies call them) proliferate in the stores, as concert and opera organizations around the world are investing large sums of money in taping performances for future broadcasts, the television image of music is coming into its own. The time has come to give it critical attention.

Two major series of musical videos have also just been released from the opposite extremes of our taping age, and considered together they may help us understand the new importance of image for the appreciation of high art music: broadcasts of Arturo Toscanini from the early years of television itself (1948-52) on BMG and videos produced by Herbert von Karajan on Sony Classical just before his death in 1989. During Toscanini's career, television was an anomaly, an afterthought. Music on television was just a demonstration of a new medium. But Karajan considered home video images of classical music so important that he spent a good part of his final years sequestered in a state-of-the-art video studio that he built for himself near Salzburg. There he labored on what he considered his "legacy," obsessively detailed video versions of his conducting. Had he lived, he would have traveled around the world in his private jet with a demonstration video system, inducting innocents into the brave new world.

But what sort of a world is this? The world of pop music video shows part of what is at stake when images are added to sound. In much of pop, the video has become a primary element of the industry itself, the source of its power rather than a supplement to it. (In the early 1980s MTV rescued the record industry from a terrible slump.) For pop, however, this is the culmination of the form; an evolution, not a transformation. The marketing of a group's "sound" has always been linked to its "image." From Elvis to Madonna, songs have not been promoted and played simply for their musical charms, but also because of the appearance and the attitude of their creators. Once video versions of songs became possible for a mass market, they quickly supplanted songs as the center of attention. Madonna's songs are virtual appendages to her videos (which demonstrate the recommended physical responses); the sound serves as an occasion for, a reminder of, the images.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most comprehensive analysis of journalism today.


WASHINGTON JOURNALISM REVIEW
JUNE 1991
$2.95
WJR
Stay Tuned For The Execution Of Robert Harris
Trusting Bob Woodward
How To Make Readers Of Women And The Young
The Rape Story That Made History
Jane Schorer's personal account of her talks with rape victim Nancy Ziegenmeyer and the resulting Des Moines Register series that began a national debate.

Subscribe to WJR and use the coupon to the right to rush your first issue to you.

Newspapers, television, news magazines...a vast assortment of information brought to you 24 hours a day to shed light on events both large and small. Yet, who is left to sort through and illuminate the huge communications industry itself?

The *Washington Journalism Review* is the *authoritative* source of information on one of the most profound influences in your life. We cannot avoid being bombarded by print and broadcast news, so take the time to read the one magazine that analyzes this news and gives you special insights. The *Washington Journalism Review* highlights the best in the business and tells the plain truth about *why* they are best. Regular features examine the business of journalism, profile people in the trade, look at legal issues, review books on the press, and give you technological updates.

Washington Journalism Review
P.O. Box 51017
Boulder, CO 80321-1017

☐ Enter my subscription to WJR for:

☐ 1 Year (10 issues) $24—You save 15% off the newsstand price.

☐ 2 Years (20 issues) $44—You save 25% off the newsstand price.

NAME _____

TITLE _____

COMPANY _____

BILLING ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐Payment enclosed ☐Bill me later

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of your first issue.

Canadian and foreign add $5 per year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art music, of course, is more intricate. Its sounds can speak wholly on their own, independent of images. Many pieces of music that were written to accompany particular dances or theatrical performances have survived their occasions and stand on their own. The very definition of art music, in fact, would seem to be that no image is required. The greater the music, the more limited it would be by any particular image. Even Romantic "program music," which would seem to have subordinated the ear to the eye, paradoxically confirmed the opposite, by creating scenes and narratives out of nothing but sound. And nothing has strengthened our sense of the autonomy, the self-sufficient aurality, of music more than recordings. They have taught us that music can become disembodied, that it does speak in abstract tongues and requires no physical presence to work its wiles. In this way, recordings do get closer to an essence.

Who needs vision for music? The addition of sight can lead to excess, extravagance, irrelevance, distraction. Even the concert hall can seem superfluous to a world that has matured with the recording. (Wagner demanded that the orchestra be invisible, so that the aural experience not be polluted by the visual one.) We still attend concerts, but what do we go to concerts to see? The chandeliers in the hall, or the crowds of listeners, or heads facing forward in rapt attention? The first violinist sweating or the percussionist shifting position? The tenor's open mouth and protruding chest? The spread hands of a pianist? In order to understand what music video does, we first need to understand what our eyes have to do with music at all.

II.

Nearly twenty years ago, in a small church in Rome, I heard a violin recital. The name of the soloist is lost to me, but what remains in memory is a combination of sound and image: the point and the polish of the violin's voice, accompanied by the player's concentrated gaze and flexible stance, the translucent, piercing clarity of Bach's partitas filling the nave of the church, which seemed to lift the sounds into the heavens.

I recall, too, a particular moment in one of Arthur Rubinstein's last concerts. I sat in the gods at Carnegie Hall, so the pianist himself was a distant figure, his physical presence seeming inadequately matched to the body of sound reaching my ears. At the climax of one piece—which one I don't recall—he lifted his left hand far above the keyboard, so that it hung, almost like a vulture, above his head. Then he brought it down with such force that it seemed nearly to lift him off the bench. I gasped, then realized that everyone else had gasped as well.

In both these cases, the sight of a player was an essential aspect of a musical experience. In the case of my Roman violinist, the setting and the presentation of the sound made Bach's abstractions reveal the religious spirit that suffuses them. In the case of Rubinstein, the grand theatrical gesture was an image in space of the musical gesture that he was creating, a sweeping pause in which the music was latent with kinetic energy, followed by a sudden release, like water plunging through a dam. The gesture, I am sure, helped him to produce the proper sound and helped us to experience it.

These, then, are examples of gesture seen revealing gesture heard. The physical movement and expression becomes an image of the aural one, either deliberately or incidentally. *That* is what we go to concerts to see: tactile illuminations of sound. And musicians, too, need the instruction that is provided by the sight of music physically made.

Such physical images are not something extraneous to the music. Consider a long silence in a phrase. The significance of that silence must be thoroughly understood by the performer. Is it a break in the line or a breath? Is it a silence latent with possibility or is it an exhalation of satisfaction? Does it mark an end or a beginning? The expert interpreter will be able to communicate the nature of a silence, but only if the silence is made part of a larger gesture—first a musical gesture, then a physical gesture. They often illuminate each other.

In a concert the gesture is amplified, the appearance acting as a continuous commentary on the music. So strong is the power of sight that we can even be fooled into thinking that a gesture is happening in sound when it is only happening in the image; and so we sometimes listen to a recording of an extraordinary performance in dismay, as magical moments are revealed as hat tricks. More often, though, the image and the sound are inseparable. The performer is an embodiment of the sound that he produces, unintentionally bearing the image along with the music. But there may also be something deliberate about it: the performer may be a guide, a teacher, illuminating implications and connections that would not be obvious on first hearing. The listener, in turn, takes the image seen and uses it to interpret the gestures heard. We should all be "playing" the music as we are listening, like participants in some grand chamber event.

The conductor is the apotheosis of these aspects of image. By showing how the music should look, the conductor is demonstrating to the players, in his every gesture, how the music should sound. Even the audience may be the object of the baton's attentions. When Leonard Bernstein was transported to heights of orgiastic gesture on the podium, he was criticized for theatricality, for pandering to the public and to the players, for exaggerating the music's details and intentions, for italicizing everything. Other performers, by contrast, turn all gesture inward, so their physical image is restrained, and every motion is minimal. Karajan was like this. Study his face and hands: they are engaged in an art of detached surgery.

Wagner's dream of the invisible orchestra notwithstanding, the only instrument whose playing has been totally divorced from the image of the player has been the organ. Even the keyboard is hidden from the churchgoer. The spiritual and didactic purpose is plain: the music must be heard as if it comes directly from heaven. Music of the invisible must itself be invisible. Very little about organ playing lends itself to seeing or being seen. The instrument, like the harpsichord, is unaffected by overt affect: pound the keys or pat them, stand on the pedals or touch them with the toes, the sound is the same. This absence of a need for image by seer and seen may be why there is also such a long and established tradition of blind organ virtuosi.

III.

The success—the dominance—of recordings has allowed us to forget all this, to forget how unusual sonic abstraction really is. Recordings have turned us all into blind, and seemingly happier, listeners. They have allowed us to discard the notion that the sight of the music, not just the sound, is part of its import, and that the image is more fragile and more mortal than the sounds of the score.

When listening to a recording, for example, what can we look at that bears any relationship to the sound? We can close our eyes, talk to friends, stare at the speakers, or watch the LEDs on the audio equipment. But wherever we look, listening is a different experience from watching, requiring more imagination and more concentration. There are no guides provided by bow arms and batons, no focus for our attention

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and all too many distractions.

But an irony has occurred. The technology that disembodied the music can now re-embody it. Audiophiles, or cultists of the art of disembodied sound, spend tens of thousands of dollars on elaborate equipment to milk out of the grooves of LPs and pits of CDs the very physical elements that they were created to eliminate. Harry Pearson, editor of *The Absolute Sound*, has developed a vocabulary to express these goals. Thus, audiophiles (I count myself among their number) speak of the "soundstage" created by a system: how clearly the record succeeds in reproducing the illusion of a physical space within which the instruments are playing. Or we speak, suggestively, of "imaging." A system that "images" well is one that gives a sense of location for an instrument; and sophisticated systems will even let us hear how a bassoon is raised in the air or how Heifetz turns his violin. Audiophilia often becomes an exercise in attempting to give a three-dimensional space back to disembodied sound, to create something a little strange and synaesthetic: aural vision.

But the ambition is a little quixotic. Even the most active imagination cannot spin the physical gesture out of sound. In addition, recordings are so completely undemanding when we play them, we generally give them less attention and imagination, not more. They become, alas, background. First our eyes stray to a nearby magazine, then so do our ears. I am writing this as the Schubert Octet is being played.

Into the fray, then, comes the art music video, going all the way, fully restoring image to sound. But it is not the mere image of the concert hall. Complications are added. As is well known, the camera transforms the physical reality. The image of a player is not the same thing as a player. The camera tyrannizes and becomes an unavoidable part of that experience: it selects the images we see. And while restoring the image of the playing body to musical experience, so many additional gestures are added that the result can be total confusion. What if the camera is busy zooming in on the cellos while the winds are playing their solos? What if the camera is focusing on the winds when the really interesting part of this interpretation is how the bass line is being treated? Should the camera show us the faces of artists or their executing fingers or veer off into pure Fantasia-like play? Recordings never had to worry about this. The microphone is a passive instrument. It "picks up" the sounds being made. It is an ear with permanent recall. But cameras are active, determining what our eyes see as we listen. The viewer cannot turn to the cellos or watch the soprano; he must watch what the camera watches. The camera directs attention or constricts it, broadens it or dissolves it. It is an interpreter, not a reporter. And so when the camera becomes active, we become passive. Instead of our attention being given free reign in space, it becomes dependent on the directions given to our eyes, and directed to a limited plane. We listen differently. Our ears follow our eyes.

IV.

That is the price of the image, but it is also its power. The camera can reveal things unseen or unseeable in concert. And these images can affect the way in which we understand the music and the way in which it affects us.

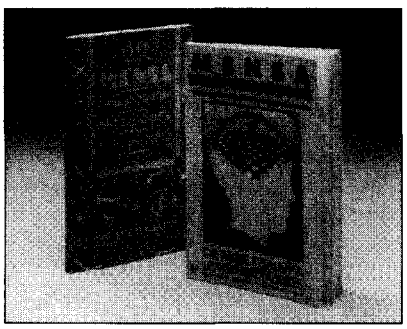
Again, two series of videodiscs now being released demonstrate both the limitations of the camera and its contributions to musical experience. They allow us to comprehend aspects of conducting normally invisible even to the audience attending a concert. The first is a set of ten televised concerts given by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra between 1948 and 1952. These are from the infancy of broadcasting, when the image was treated un-self-consciously as something recorded for the listener's entertainment. The performers seem as unaware of the camera as the camera is unaware of them.

Harvey Sachs, in his notes to the Toscanini discs, quotes Stravinsky to the effect that most contemporary conductors give "a performance of a performance," thereby demonstrating their involvement with the music. But in these discs, Sachs writes, Toscanini "never mimics the music's content with his face or gestures." The face, never seen by the audience, but only by the players, is fierce, concentrated, without expression except when it nods in determination. It is, in short, the face of a pre-video age conductor. The discs of a concert performance of *Aida* even has Toscanini, absorbed in his job, singing along with the soloists, mouthing the words. This is not for effect, it is for efficacy. His hands, too, are functional rather than expressive. An index finger protrudes on the left hand, the right hand rolls with almost a band leader's swing, and the music emerges with vigor, ruthless energy, and occasional breathlessness. The conductor's image is a supplement to the communication that took place in rehearsal, a reminder to the players rather than a re-creation for the camera and the occasion.

This makes Toscanini less of an obvious "performer." But the images have invaluable documentary value. They capture Toscanini's communicative style and a good deal of his performing personality during his final years. They also present images that resonate with the performances: Toscanini using his baton to draw the patterns of a Mozart minuet in the air while behind him the lights of studio 8H are reflected off the listeners' heads, or the 85-year-old maestro raising a handkerchief to wipe the sweat out off his eyes under the hot lights, his attention to the finale of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony unwavering.

Still, the images do not reveal too much about the music itself. In a 1948 performance of Mozart's Symphony No. 40, for example, the cameras seem almost restless in their attempt to provide variety for the viewer. Of course, there are the shots of Toscanini's broadly sweeping baton, and of the left hand restraining the players with small and inhibited gestures. But why, in midphrases, are there sudden breaks in the continuity of the image, unexpected shifts in camera angles, unnecessary pans across an instrumental section—all unrelated to the musical events? Why, for example, at the end of the exposition of the first movement, does the camera focus on the back of the first violins and

SIGNALS



Give your brain a workout with these challenging Mensa Quiz Books. Signals catalog offers a unique collection of educational toys and games, videos, books, cassettes, sweatshirts, T-shirts, and jewelry. Many products related to Public Television.

For your free one year catalog subscription mail coupon below.

❑ Yes, please start my **FREE** one year **SIGNALS** subscription.

Name_____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: **SIGNALS**
1000 Westgate Drive, Dept. 410
St. Paul, MN 55114

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slowly sweep in close-up to the front, then begin to move backward again before jumping to a close-up of Toscanini's face? The images stand apart from the music, and even distract from it. Even in 1952, four years later, with all the additional experience broadcasters gained with the new medium, at a concert in Carnegie Hall, the cameras seem to have a will of their own, ignoring the oboe cadenza in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in order to focus on Toscanini waiting to lead his players into the fray.

As if to answer these objections, Herbert von Karajan began work almost a decade ago on the series of videos he thought of as his legacy. He was one of the first modern conductors to understand the power of technology in the communication of music. He believed that the video represented the future of home music, that it should be treated as an art form. He multiplied the number of cameras usually used in taping a performance, radically increased rehearsal time, and conducted the editing himself, splicing the images as if they were recordings.

In Berlin two years ago a woman who worked with Karajan on editing the videos told me of his obsessive attention to detail, his hours of splicing a single phrase. The intention was to create video phrasings to match the musical phrasings. Karajan may have invested $50 million in the project, which was still unfinished at the time of his death. A member of the Berlin Philharmonic told me that Karajan even hired individual sections of the orchestra, lined them up on chairs and benches of different heights, and adjusted the lighting to reflect ghostily off the wood and the brass of their instruments. What he wanted was a straight line, simultaneous finger movements, and no sweating. The image would be dubbed into the final version, where it would appear as if these perfectly aligned players were simply at work in the orchestra.

The first discs in this "legacy," the Nine Beethoven Symphonies, have just been released. Despite my reservations about Karajan's musical style (see "Karajan: The Nazi Recordings," TNR, November 7, 1988), they are an imposing achievement, substantially more affecting in their incarnations as videos than in Karajan's relatively bloodless sound recordings of these works in his late years. They are highly stylized, but not egoistic. The camera angles are dramatic—the blurring strokes of the timpanist's mallets, their fuzz glowing in the light, or a row of winds silhouetted against a spaceless black background, or violins so close up and shot with such a long focal length that they seem shut off from any other world than the music. And of course, there is the conductor himself, not standing apart from the players but seeming in their midst. The players are angled up from him, as if they composed a single instrument. With the bows whipping the air around him, Karajan sometimes seems like the captain of a ship in the midst of mercurial seas.

The finale of the Seventh Symphony, for example, brings these elements together so that they emphasize the drive and the excitement and the obsession of the playing itself. The swift cuts from one section to another, the recurrent shots of Karajan returning like a theme in a rondo: these allow one to attend to the music more carefully. Karajan sometimes goes too far, usually in the direction of emphasizing his own power, as in shots during the "Eroica" in which he seems to hover ten feet above the player's space, or in which the violins in a near military array fill the screen; but the technique and achievement are considerable. If the Toscanini and Kleiber recordings show the power of music video as a revelation of the "interior" of music making—the image the conductor presents to his instrument, the orchestra—the Karajan discs show, even with their flaws, the possibilities of music video as an aesthetic form.

V.

I have made little mention thus far of opera on video, trying instead to make the stronger case for image added to abstract music. But concert videos are likely to remain a minor form. Though they may reveal the limitations of recordings, they will still be secondary to disembodied and casual sound. For music in the home can never again become the center of a listener's attention as it was when learning an instrument was as commonplace as hearing one.

But with the increasing transposition of opera to the television tube, video will find, I think, its most powerful and important musical role. All the risks and the dangers still exist, of course: filmed staged performances are almost always flawed in one respect or another, requiring a narrowing of vision, cutting out as much of the director's staging as is put in, focusing often on sweaty and straining singers to the detriment of their roles. Too often the star singer becomes the center of attention and eclipses the work itself. And there are also plenty of poor examples of opera on video: even the Bayreuth *Ring* from a decade ago, conducted by Pierre Boulez and directed by Patrice Chereau and now available on laserdisc, sometimes seems haphazardly filmed, the camera sometimes seeming almost to stumble on its subject.

Still, the defects pale before the form's achievements. The Metropolitan Opera *Ring* was finely scripted for the cameras and turned out to be more engrossing in the living room than in the opera house. Most of the singers also seemed to be actors; and most of the essential, and endless, dialogue was caught in English subtitles. The living-room operas [illegible] take the joy out of the grand spectacle (a blessing, certainly, in the case of Zeffirelli's overblown productions), but it emphasizes the human, and begins to make opera seem closer to filmed drama. My children now know *The Magic Flute*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, and even parts of *Siegfried* in ways they never could from either recordings or the opera house; and so do I.

Video can turn opera into a chamber art—useful for education, for study, for private enlightenment, even for new insight into the repertoire. Video may even turn out to be the remedy to one of the biggest problems in opera direction today, which is the lack of attention to character. This problem is owed partly to the contradiction between the grandeur of the form as it developed in the nineteenth century and the intimacy of meanings and relations in some of the greatest works. The opera stage is built for spectacle, for tableaux; but this suits only certain operas. In *Figaro*, for example, how are we to get a clear impression of Susanna's character from acting and staging viewed all the way from the third tier? The music tells us that she is sweet and cunning, gentle in love but unsentimental, yet all that can be shown on stage is stage business. Video allows staging to be intimate, not schematic, full of nuance rather than spectacle: a pianissimo medium.

This might seem strange, arguing for the subtle powers of, well, television. And of course the possibility of subtitles and close-ups is no guarantee of consistency and taste. The television broadcast of Peter Sellars's *Figaro* still had Cherubino crudely humping the air while lying on Susanna's bed and singing the aria that Ponnelle treated with such imagination. And Ponnelle's laserdisc version of *The Barber of Seville* is intoxicated with the special effects possible only in a television production, even treating Figaro's famous introductory aria as a surrealistic nightmare.

But the video and film form has already left us classics. Could a staged *Elektra* have precisely the disturbing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effect as the filmed version directed by Gotz Friedrich, with Karl Bohm conducting and Leonie Rysanek as the deranged princess? Can any version of *The Magic Flute* match what Ingmar Bergman did with the character of Papageno in his extraordinary filmed version? And will any *Figaro* give me the hours of pleasure that Bohm's and Ponnelle's has?

Opera on video will eventually begin to have a profound effect on our experience of the art form in general, making it more accessible and more intimate, and it may even affect the way productions are mounted in opera houses, just as recordings have irrevocably changed the style of modern performance. Indeed, the proliferation of music and video may amount to nothing less than the reversal of the musical ideal that was installed at the heart of our musical culture by the recording. The age of disembodied sound may be coming to an end. Insularity, abstraction, purity, artifice, a certain sort of impersonality, the elimination of everything circumstantial and contingent from the experience of music—all these once admired attributes of musical presentation may be retired by the music video. Music will seem less like a form of grace, more like a form of activity. Of course there will be losses; the prosaic will almost certainly gain ground. And yet there will be poetry gained, too, in the images of Kleiber's face, Cherubino's eyes, Rubinstein's hands, Karajan commanding a sea of musicians, Toscanini sweating with discipline, Wotan trembling with despair, Falstaff bobbing with laughter, Elektra howling in the mud, Papageno and Papagena singing as the world of winter turns to spring. And mixed in with those images, supporting them and supported by them, the abstract sound of the music, this time made concrete.•

Rightalk

BY CASS R. SUNSTEIN

Rights Talk: The Impoverishment of Political Discourse by Mary Ann Glendon

(Free Press, 288 pp., $22.95)

The Bill of Rights has now been part of the American Constitution for 200 years. In the very recent past, that short document has helped to inspire reform movements throughout the world—not merely in the Soviet Union, Hungary, Romania, Poland, and East Germany, but in such places as South Africa, China, and Taiwan as well. It is nothing short of remarkable, therefore, that this bicentennial year for the Bill of Rights has come at a time when the very concept of rights, or of a polity pervaded by rights, is under sharp attack in America.

The attack is growing in influence, and it cuts across ideological lines. Many of the Supreme Court's recent decisions embrace the idea that the creation of rights can be destructive to democratic governance. In their recent deliberations, Congress and the executive branch have been increasingly attentive to the view that government, instead of recognizing rights, should encourage people to exercise greater responsibility. On this view, those who are disadvantaged should take their welfare into their own hands; and those who are advantaged should respond not to rights laid down by the state, but to their own sense of responsibility to people in need. If the 1960s and the early 1970s were an era of rights, it seems likely that the 1990s will be a period in which responsibilities move increasingly to the fore.

Of the many recent challenges to rights-based thinking, Mary Ann Glendon's book stands out for its clarity, its moderation, its appreciation of the good things that rights do, its sense of history, its compassion, and its use of comparative materials. Glendon defies easy categorization as a "liberal" or a "conservative," and crosses disciplinary boundaries, too. Her book provides an especially good occasion for a general assessment of an important new movement.

Glendon's basic claim is that American political debate, especially since the New Deal, has come to center on a bewildering and proliferating array of "rights." These include "preventing the abuse and neglect of children, improving the treatment of the mentally and physically disabled, eliminating discrimination based on lifestyle, protecting consumers from sharp practices, preventing cruelty to animals, and safeguarding the environment." Some people think that the growing list of rights is an important or precious social achievement, supplementing a catalog of protected interests started but hardly finished in the founding period. Glendon disagrees. She believes that America's transformation into "the land of rights" has had harmful, even disastrous consequences.

She offers three objections. First, she complains that rights have a strident and absolutist character, and for this reason impoverish political discourse. They do not admit of compromise. They do not allow room for competing considerations. They impair and even foreclose deliberation. Rooted in nineteenth-century ideas of absolute sovereignty over property, they are ill-adapted to what we usually need, that is, a long discussion of trade-offs and competing concerns. If rights are (in Ronald Dworkin's phrase) "trumps," they are for that very reason harmful to the difficult process of accommodating different goals and considerations in deciding about such thorny problems as, say, abortion and plant closings.

Glendon's second objection is that rights are overly individualist. They miss the "dimension of sociality" and posit selfish, isolated individuals asserting what is theirs rather than participating in communal life. They neglect the moral and social dimensions of important problems. The right of privacy, for example, has emerged as an individual right, rooted in the "property paradigm" and loosened from connections to others. Inattentive to the unborn or to the situation of mothers, American law has truly left the pregnant woman alone, without people "willing to help her either to have the abortion ... or to keep and raise the child...." Similarly, American law is unequipped even to describe the harms faced by a community destroyed by the closing of a plant employing most of its members, which include the loss of "a rich neighborhood life; shared memories and hopes; roots; a sense of place." On Glendon's view, Americans face a crucial "linguistic and conceptual deficiency," and rights talk is a principal culprit. And because rights are claimed by individuals, they promote and encourage a community whose members think of social problems in the most narrow, self-interested terms.

Glendon's third objection is that an emphasis on rights tends to crowd out the issue of responsibility. In our law and our public discourse, it is rare to find the idea that people owe duties to each other—or that civic virtue is to be cultivated, prized, even lived. Glendon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devotes a good deal of space to the "duty to rescue," a duty not recognized by American law. If a person ignores someone who is drowning, he will not be held accountable, even if rescue could occur with little effort. Glendon deplores this result, arguing at a minimum for a statement, in law, that such a duty exists.

Along similar lines, Glendon challenges the view (on which the current Supreme Court is increasingly insistent) that the Constitution imposes no affirmative duties on government. She suggests, though with some ambivalence, that police officers should be obliged to protect people from serious threats, and that social workers should be under a duty to protect children from domestic violence when they are on notice that such violence will occur. Above all, she is concerned that judicial decisions that fail to recognize these duties have had harmful effects on public discourse and social understandings.

Glendon is saying much that is true and important. References to rights sometimes do stop discussion in its tracks. Even worse, they can be conclusions masquerading as reasons. Consider, for example, the current debates over violent pornography, hate speech at the university, or advertising for cigarettes. To say that any restriction on these forms of expression violates the "right to free speech" may in the end be correct; but this requires a long and complex argument, not a shorthand phrase. Often it is necessary to be detailed and concrete about the social consequences of competing courses of action. The invocation of "rights" can be a serious obstacle to this process.

Moreover, efforts to think about social and economic problems in terms of rights can obscure those problems. A claimed right to clean air or water, or safe products or workplaces, makes little sense in light of the need for close assessment, in particular cases, of the advantages of greater environmental protection, or more safety, as compared with the (sometimes) accompanying disadvantages of higher prices, lower wages, less employment, and more poverty. To the extent that the regulatory programs of the 1970s were billed as vindications of "rights," they severely impaired political deliberation about their content. And it seems correct, too, to say that civic virtue—responsibility to one's neighbors and to one's nation—is an important part of citizenship, and an aspect of citizenship that is currently neglected in public discussion or social practice.

And yet, for all its virtues, Glendon's discussion, and the current devaluation of rights in general, seem to me to suffer from two very serious problems. The first is that many rights encourage precisely the forms of deliberation and communal interaction that Glendon favors. A wide range of protected interests count as "rights," and Glendon does not make some important distinctions. The second problem is that she seems to think that the explosion of "rights talk" accounts for a failure of social responsibility. In fact, the opposite is more nearly true.

Colored Illustration, Tipped-In

A sun, slipping under
The rim of visibility, unfurled
That flagrant bunting of his half-surrender,
Half-promise of returning to the world.

And what of the water?
—The sea composed herself into a scene
Knowing what old illuminations taught her:
That only gold could highlight ultramarine.

There, the horizon,
So far and linear and purified
Of middle distance and the lively poison
Of interestingness—from it, all have died.

What of this island,
Clouded, condensed and battered by the sea?
Arising amidst cliffs, a craggy highland
Makes rocky waves and breaking land agree.

What of the castle
Rising above it on the nearer shore,
Walled-in and walling out, in that most facile
Of concrete versions of the either/or?

(Yes, but that casement
In the near parapet, above the berm,
Propounds, though at the price of some defacement
Of all that wall, a kind of middle term.)

What of the tower,
Built recently by a demented king
As in some sort of show of no real power,
Dark house, unbeaconing, unbeckoning?

What of the chamber
Below, attended by a deaf-mute page?
A room in which to dream, and half-remember
What one had been once in another age.

And what of the mirror
So proud to have composed a royal face
Upon it?—with the princess wandering here or
There in the castle, it stands in blank disgrace.

But that dark puddle
Of ink spilled on the floor returns the light
Of sunset that, in the inverted muddle
It makes of things, reads as red dawn of night;

And the whole picture:
Puddle invisible in such small scale
We turn from its coated stock to a rough texture,
The paper of a new page, of a new tale.

John Hollander

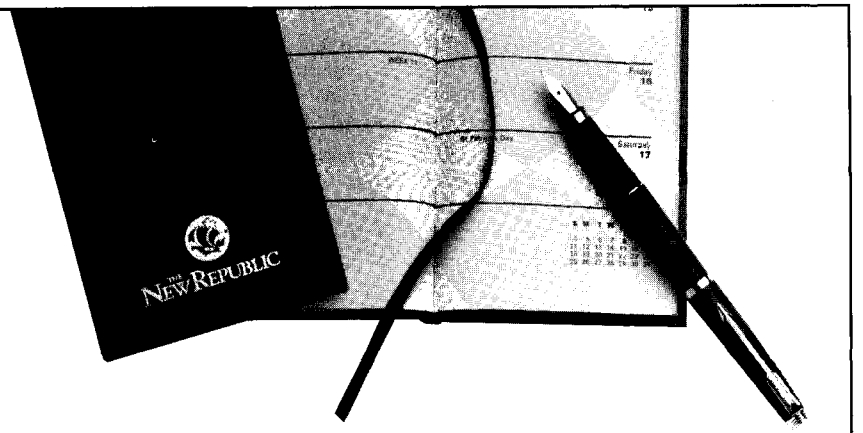
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Often Glendon writes as if rights and duties are opposed, or as if those who favor the former are completely different from those who favor the latter. As she has it, rights are individual, atomistic, selfish, crude; responsibilities are collective, social, altruistic, nuanced.

But all such adjectives are inadequate. The right to freedom of speech is a precondition for democratic deliberation; it keeps open the channels of communication; it is social in character; it ensures that people can speak with each other. The right to associational freedom is meant precisely to protect collective action and sociality. The right to a jury trial is hardly atomistic: quite the contrary, it ensures a role for the community in adjudicative proceedings. The right to vote protects collective processes of governance. The right to be free from racial discrimination is not anti-social; it ensures communal decency by protecting against the exclusion of subordinated groups. Even the right to property can be understood not as a method for protecting self-interested acquisition, but instead as an indispensable condition for citizenship. If your property can be taken from you at the government's whim, you will not have the independence and the security that will permit you to criticize the government openly.

In an important sense, moreover, rights and duties imply each other. They are correlative. To say that someone has a right is to say that someone else has a duty. If I have a right to property, other people have a duty not to trespass on what I own. If I have a right to be free from racial discrimination, you have a duty to ignore the color of my skin. The right not to be murdered imposes a duty on people not to take the lives of others. Not only do rights create duties, but the imposition of a duty also serves to create a right.

Consider, in this connection, one of Glendon's particular concerns, the question of whether we should create a duty to help others. Glendon's discussion comes close to an argument not only for a new duty, but also for a new right: a right to assistance, to be granted to vulnerable people and held by them against both other people and the government. Glendon herself refers to Franklin Roosevelt's proposed "Second Bill of Rights," which included the right to adequate food and clothing, to a decent home, to adequate medical care, to good education, and to a useful and remunerative job. Now, these are rights, and their invocation represents a form of rights talk; but they certainly reflect a sense of collective responsibility. Since



Announcing
The New Republic
1992 Pocket Diary

For the past few years, we have been giving pocket diaries, embossed in gold with The New Republic name and logo, to our writers and editors and special friends in the media. The diaries have been so popular that we have decided to make them available to our subscribers at a low cost, only $10.95 each.

The diaries are made by Letts of London, whose diaries were favored by Charles Dickens and George Bernard Shaw. Each diary includes weekly calendars with space to write down daily appointments, plus a wine vintage chart, a list of important toll-free telephone numbers, a list of world holidays, metric equivalents, a calorie counter, fifteen blank pages for notes, telephone numbers, and addresses, and more.

The pages are edged in gilt and carry a silken page marker. The diary itself is dark blue with featherweight light-blue pages.

It's elegant and easy to use. The cost to non-subscribers is $12.95, but we're offering it to subscribers for just $10.95, *including* postage.

Available to Our Subscribers for a limited Time

YES, Send me the New Republic pocket diary immediately. (Please allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery.)

☐ I am a subscriber, $10.95

☐ I am not a subscriber, $12.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Write to: Pocket Diary, The New Republic
1220 19th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036

Check or Money-Order must accompany each order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rights imply duties simply as a matter of logic, and vice versa, it is not easy to understand the claim that we need duties rather than, or in addition to, rights.

That claim faces some related difficulties as well. Rights of the most traditional sort (including property) may be the necessary condition for enabling a sense of collective responsibility to flourish. Moreover, a principal characteristic of totalitarian states consists precisely in the endless cataloguing of responsibilities owed by citizens to the state.

This point suggests a broad conclusion about the recent criticism of rights. Those who believe in more reflective public deliberation should not make such a general criticism, but instead offer a fine-grained inquiry allowing us to identify the sorts of interests that cannot be intruded on without special justification. Surely such an inquiry will justify a redescription of certain interests in terms that have nothing to do with rights: consider environmental protection or plant closings. But equally certain, many "rights" will survive the inquiry.

Of course these basic claims would not entirely satisfy Glendon, or other critics of rights. For them, the problem consists partly in the constant resort to the legal system, rather than the use of public deliberative processes and, best of all, of self-help and non-governmental entities. It may be the peculiar interaction between American individualism and "rights talk," rather than rights themselves, with which Glendon is most concerned. On this view, the problem is not so much rights in general, but rights that are highly individualist and associated with personal self-interest and the short term. And to the extent that Glendon is seeking to revive a richer and more differentiated kind of public debate, and capture greater attention for the possibilities of private organizations, she is entirely persuasive. The mind-numbingly familiar oppositions of matched legalistic rights—pro-life vs. pro-choice, associational freedom vs. non-discrimination, business autonomy vs. employment rights—are part of the culture of the sound bite, which provides no help to those seeking to think through, or to assist people with, complex realities.

But I do not think that Glendon has sorted out the relationship between "rights talk" and "the impoverishment of political discourse." She suggests that political discourse is in significant part a creature of courts and law. But this is an empirical claim, and it may not be true. Political discourse is often impoverished, and correctives for the current situation should be a principal concern of current reformers. If one looks at the prominent places for political discussion—say, the television and most popular radio stations—one will find little attention to public issues, and such attention as there is appears sensationalistic, prurient, sentimental, and banal.

But I wonder whether this phenomenon can be attributed to "rights talk." It is, far more plausibly, a product of the demands of the broadcasting market. If Glendon's concern is with impoverished political discourse, she might focus on the norms and the practices of those who impart political information—on their responsibilities, and on the legal framework, or rights, under which they undertake those responsibilities. There is enormous room for reform here, drawing on experience in other nations and involving changes both in private sector practices and in the regulatory system governing the media. For example, the government might offer larger subsidies to high-quality broadcasting or encourage more attention to public issues through licensing policies. "Rights" are hardly the major culprit.

Finally, and most important, Glendon suggests that our emphasis on rights has caused a weakened sense of social responsibility. This claim is plausibly true in many settings; but in an important respect Glendon seems to have things backward. We might look again at the abortion problem, which, for Glendon, exemplifies the hazards of rights-based approaches. She persuasively shows that it is unhelpful to think of abortion in terms of a right to "privacy"—a word that does not appear in the Constitution at all, and that in any case fails to come to grips with the abortion question. To oppose the abstract "right to life" with the equally abstract "right to choose" is for her entirely inadequate. We need instead to develop methods with which to protect unborn life while simultaneously providing help and support for mothers.

Surely it is correct to say that in a society in which duties to the vulnerable were taken seriously, the case for a right to abortion would be far weaker. In such a society, men as well as women would be required (by social norms, if not by law) to devote their bodies to the protection of their children—through, for example, compulsory blood donations or kidney transplants. In such a society, women who need help would get help—before, during, and after pregnancy. Most important, in such a society restrictions on abortion would be based on a general and neutral form of compassion for the vulnerable, rather than the now pervasive desire—prominent, though not universal, in the pro-life movement—to control women's reproductive capacities, and by means of that control to continue a system of discrimination that is based of sex.

This is not, of course, the society in which we live. If one looks at the context in which restrictions on abortion take place, at their real purposes and their real effects, then the abortion right is most plausibly rooted not in privacy but in the right to equality on the basis of sex. Current law nowhere compels men to devote their bodies to the protection of other people, even if life is at stake, and even if men are responsible for the very existence of those people. Study after study has shown that current restrictions on abortion could not be enacted without the active support of those who believe that such restrictions are an important means of reasserting traditional gender roles. And under current conditions, women who need social assistance or help from fathers do not get nearly enough—not merely during pregnancy, but before and after as well.

If all this is the case, the very existence of the abortion right can be seen as a response to a failure of social responsibility. And in this lies a very large lesson. Often rights emerge precisely because of the refusal of private and public institutions to recognize and to carry out their duties. When the environment is degraded, or when the vulnerable are simply left to fend for themselves, it should be unsurprising to find vigorous claims for "rights." The claims for a right to clean air and water, to food, to a decent place to live, to a safe workplace, or to "free reproductive choice"—all these must be understood in their context, as responses to failures of social responsibility.

Glendon is entirely persuasive in asserting that rights-based arguments often obscure the problems at hand. Still, it would be unfortunate if her strong argument were taken as a reason to ignore or to disparage those who are proclaiming their rights, rather than to improve the conditions that have made it necessary for people to resort to proclamations of rights in the first place.

CASS R. SUNSTEIN, Karl N. Llewellyn Professor of Jurisprudence at the University of Chicago, is the author of *After the Rights Revolution* (Harvard University Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The God That Failed Again

By Tina Rosenberg

Blood of Brothers: Life and War in Nicaragua
by Stephen Kinzer
(G.P. Putnam's, 450 pp., $24.95)

Inside Central America: Its People, Politics, and History
by Clifford Krauss
(Summit Books, 320 pp., $19.95)

The Contras, 1980-1989: A Special Kind of Politics
by R. Pardo-Maurer
(Praeger/CSIS, 132 pp., $34.95, $12.95 paper)

In November 1976, Stephen Kinzer, a raw free-lancer speaking halting Spanish, arrived in Managua. He spent most of his time interviewing opponents of the dictator Anastasio Somoza and looking for members of a clandestine guerrilla group that had named itself for Augusto César Sandino, a nationalist guerrilla of the 1930s. He sold one article blasting Somoza to this magazine and another on the same theme to the left-wing Pacific News Service. A year later Clifford Krauss, a young reporter at United Press International who had become fascinated with Nicaragua in college, when he read a biography of Sandino, persuaded UPI to send him there. "My intention was to cheer on the Sandinistas and help stop the next Vietnam," he writes in the introduction to his book.

Both stayed around the region for thirteen years, Kinzer spending the last of those years covering Nicaragua for *The New York Times* and Krauss for *The Wall Street Journal*. Both now work for the *Times*, and both have written important books, Kinzer about Nicaragua and Krauss about all of Central America. It is painful, however, to read of their initial hopes for the revolution, of their belief—which was shared, at the time, by most of the world—that the Sandinistas would slice through the Gordian knot of repression and passivity that had bound Nicaragua for centuries.

I moved to Nicaragua in 1985 with similar hopes, though it was already late enough to have known better. Most foreigners shared the optimism. Nicaraguans watched in amused disbelief as the visitors stepped off the plane, each ready to assume the lead in his or her own personal drama: the photographer living on Marlboros who survived week-long marches with the army and three bouts of combat to emerge from the mountains with next week's *Newsweek* cover and a great tan; the cotton-skirted sandalista teaching nutrition or soil management in a remote village; the Gauloise-smoking Frenchman with a Lenin button whose main contribution to the revolution was to decapitalize it by hanging out in the open-air restaurants drinking heavily subsidized beer.

The scenery was mist and rubble; soldiers too young to shave; block-long murals of workers and peasants crushing imperialism; buses so crowded that passengers could stand upright without their feet touching the floor; women, ancient at 35, with leathered faces and bare feet; streets commandeered by herds of pigs; volcanoes swirling with parrots. For newcomers, in other words, it was a movie set. For Nicaraguans, however, it took only a few years for the revolution to become real, for the dreams to dissolve, leaving the citizens of the country exhausted and disillusioned. Kinzer and Krauss (the latter, I must disclose, is a friend, and I am acknowledged in his book) made the same journey, as did most of the foreigners, sooner or later. Kinzer's richly textured memoir is about the country's gradual transformation into reality. Krauss's book, a victim of its own ambition (six countries in 300 pages), is less vivid and more telegraphic than Kinzer's, but it, too, amply conveys the tragedy of revolution's decay.

The political right attributes this disenchantment to the world's realization that the Sandinistas had turned Nicaragua into a copy of Cuba and had borrowed their policies of repression and ruin from Fidel. But this was never the case. Marxist-Leninists they were, but at the Sandinistas' most repressive moment Nicaragua still had nine Rotary Clubs. Kinzer and Krauss show the Sandinistas to be the most relaxed Marxist-Leninists that the world has ever seen, permitting levels of dissent, political activity, and social organization outside party control that scandalized true Leninists. (In truth, this flexibility was in part disorganization; one of Kinzer's funniest episodes is his story of how he and his driver defied Sandinista controls to reach the Atlantic Coast town of Puerto Cabezas, at the time forbidden to foreigners. They did it by piling 200 pounds of rice in their jeep and fibbing their way through Sandinista checkpoints and State Security detention centers as officials of the fictitious organization Rice for Peace, the driver brazenly dropping the names of comandantes and shouting "*Patria Libre O Morir!*" with clenched fist in the air.)

On the left it is argued, by contrast, that the Sandinistas did not stumble, but were tripped by the United States, which now gloats about their clumsiness. These reporters explode that view as well, especially Krauss, who is more pointed than Kinzer about the Sandinistas' early Soviet bloc ties, repression, and economic mismanagement. The contra war aggravated the revolution's troubles, but it did not create them.

If either of those explanations had been true, the consequences of the Sandinistas' demise for the future of revolution would be less serious. But the revolution failed by its own standards, for a simpler and more profound reason: the standards were impossible to meet. It will be a long time before the world sees an armed insurrection staffed by people as serious, pragmatic, and well intentioned as the Sandinistas, and yet they failed. They could not take into account that revolutionaries are human, as are those whose lives they touch, and that they respond in human ways. This revolution's decay teaches yet again that armed insurrections carry the seeds of their own failure.

"The country I imagined," said Luis Carrión Cruz, "was a place where everyone had the opportunity to receive an adequate education, where health care was a right and not something granted by exception, where all classes could participate." It was 1989, and Carrión, the youngest of the nine *comandantes de la revolución*, was 36 years old. "A revolution

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fights to construct, to build new things," he said. "Later, you run up against the harsh reality—that you have to defend yourself, that you have to be able to produce what is necessary. I still dream about it. But now I realize that you can't go so fast, that the road is filled with difficulties. I myself was going to be a teacher." He waved his cigar at the wall of his office. "This," he said, "all this came later."

"This" was his job as minister of economy, commerce, and industry. Carrión became minister in 1988, placed there to run an economic program each year more free market, slowly creating a copy of the austerity plans that the International Monetary Fund has imposed in various Latin countries as the price of fresh loans, with the important difference that the Nicaraguans were well aware that the United States would not permit them to get any loans. They were implementing capitalism because they thought it would work.

Before he became minister of economy, Carrión had served as first vice minister of the interior. The task of the "Sentinel of the People's Happiness," as the sign outside the Interior Ministry proclaimed, was the defense of the revolution. That included censoring the press, sending shock troops to beat up opposition politicians, arresting strikers, and rewarding the "revolutionary vigilance" that one performed on one's neighbors. Carrión himself was directly responsible for security, for the networks of informers and infiltrators, and for the jails that became notorious for their mistreatment of political prisoners.

With his thinning hair, preppy glasses, and button-down shirts, Carrión looks less like a comandante than an accountant. He is serious and intelligent. He does not talk in dogma when the occasion does not require it, and he does not hesitate to point out the ironies of his career: that a man who became a Marxist because he detested brutality and inequality subsequently found himself in charge of meting out repression and then draconian capitalism.

His career mirrored the course of his revolution. As Carrión saw it, Nicaragua's problems were the result of the aggression of the United States. All the unpleasant and unpopular measures that he was compelled to take were a direct response to this hostility. All Latin revolutions, he believed, were therefore condemned to endure what the Nicaraguan revolution had suffered. He had a point: the United States' economic embargo; its blockage of international loans; and its invention, training, and maintenance of the contras certainly made up an overwhelming "harsh reality," as Carrión put it. Still, there were other harsh realities that he seemed unwilling to consider, and they stemmed directly from the successes of revolution.

Those successes meant that the poor and the victimized, after lifetimes of exploitation, overthrew a dictatorship that had served the rich; that people stifled in silence for centuries were now encouraged to participate and to organize; that the government no longer desired to keep the poor as "oxen" (as Somoza liked to say) but taught the poor to demand power; that beans and rice were now within the reach of every Nicaraguan, and the poor had access to goods available before only to the rich; that the oligarchy that had been so powerful and wealthy suddenly was neither.

The problem was that these miraculous events could not shake off their own corollaries. Brought to power by war, the Sandinistas arrived with a siege mentality that confused opposition with betrayal and justice with revenge. The new participation required that Nicaraguans join the block committees, cheer at the rallies, and mouth the phrases even after the words turned sour. The Sandinistas' mission to raise the consciousness of the poor degenerated into the arrogant notion that they, by definition, spoke for the people. With a policy of cheap food, the state paid farmers less for their beans, so farmers planted less. The system of rationing goods created a black market that encouraged corruption and speculation. The wealthy sent their money to safer havens abroad, and many educated Nicaraguans emigrated to countries where their skills would be rewarded. The changes that characterized revolution, in other words, made it impossible for revolution to succeed. All Latin revolutions will end up like ours, Carrión said; and he may be right, although for a larger reason than he believes.

At the Toucan Club on the Soto Cano Air Force Base in Honduras, American soldiers and Honduran women dance away the humid nights to slow salsa, locked in close communication in the only language that they share. The scene begins Krauss's chapter on Honduras, his best. The base is ostensibly Honduran, but it is run and used by the United States. The soldiers are looking for a night's entertainment, and the women, bused in for the occasion, are looking for the opportunity of a lifetime: a ticket to the United States. "Something is wrong at the Toucan Club, and in Honduras itself," Krauss writes.

The relationship between Central America and the United States has always been one of servility and domination, of *peón* and *patrón*. At times the *patrón* is more benign and the *peón* is more cooperative, but the basics do not change: Americans think about Latin America, especially about Central America, as a reflection of ourselves. The debate about Nicaragua in the United States did not center on Nicaragua, but on an imaginary republic woven of our own myths, dreams, and nightmares. For the left, the Sandinistas, full of passion and the spirit of romance and self-sacrifice called *mística,* represented everything we are not in our smug, consumerist society. For the American foreign policy establishment, as it has expressed itself in decades of working with Latin militaries, it is a matter of principle that American values will, with enough exposure, rub off on the Latins, who will gradually come to embrace the American way of life. And for the right, Third World conflicts are not indigenous phenomena, but byproducts of the cold war, which can be solved by the defeat of communism.

Hence the contras. It is fitting that R. Pardo-Maurer, a Costa Rican-North American who worked in the contras' Washington office from 1986 to 1988, sets his monograph almost completely in the United States. Whatever support the anti-Sandinista cause had in Nicaragua—and election results showed it was much more widespread than the experts supposed—the contras were largely a phenomenon of Washington and Miami. "The only people who thought they could win were Casey, Kirkpatrick, Abrams, and North," Pardo-Maurer quotes an ambassador as saying. The gringos orchestrated the contra movement to suit American, not Nicaraguan, needs—choosing Enrique Bermúdez to head the contra army, for example, because they could control him, even though his position as a colonel in Somoza's National Guard played right into the Sandinistas' hands.

The audience was less Nicaragua than Ronald Reagan, Congress, and the American public, and the Nicaraguans formed and dissolved alliances accordingly. They constituted and they disbanded human rights commissions as congressional votes seemed to require, and they changed their organizational acronyms when old ones became tainted. In the process they went through every possible permutation of names: Cruz and Robelo vs. Calero, Calero and Robelo vs. Cesar, Calero and Bermúdez vs. Cruz, Cesar and Robelo vs. Calero. They placated the Americans in the time-honored Latin way, manipulating the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

baby-faced gringos while making them think that the gringos were manipulating them, and some took advantage of the one aspect of the show that was real: the opportunity to steal a lot of money.

Given what Pardo-Maurer has written, it is not unreasonable to ask why he went to work for the contras in the first place; but he gives us no indication of what, if anything, he ever believed. His book is a dry, honest documentation of the steps in the contra minuet, with many charming subtitles such as "How Cruz and Robelo turned to the administration to diminish the power of Calero, and why this produced an inconclusive outcome," which do nothing to dispel the feeling that this tale could have been written by Feydeau. (It is possible, of course, that I have misread him entirely, that the comedy is unintentional.) Pardo-Maurer offers little context in which to place the endless and meaningless couplings and uncouplings, and the reader soon loses track, but that seems to be the whole point.

It was only theater in Washington. In Nicaragua, however, the contra war was real, and it caused real misery. "After a time," writes Kinzer,

> it became clear that there was no strategy for winning the contra war, and hence no real objective to it other than simply to bleed Nicaragua.... What made the Nicaraguan war especially cruel was that its purpose was so vague and undefined. The contras, hopelessly outmanned and outgunned, never had the slightest chance of military victory. Yet American policymakers believed the war was worth fighting because of what it symbolized.

The war killed 30,000 Nicaraguans. It forced the Sandinistas to reorder their priorities, cutting the social spending that had allowed the government to teach so many Nicaraguans to read and to wipe out polio and measles in the revolution's first years. It hardened the Sandinistas' siege mentality. The war fortified their image of themselves as a vanguard party, producing a Frente that was, by definition, always correct. If salaries dropped or bus fares rose or there was no rice, either it was for the greater good of the revolution, or it was one more consequence of imperialist genocide and improvement would require Nicaraguans to redouble their revolutionary commitment.

Violeta Chamorro's election victory in 1989 has been interpreted as a vindication of the contra policy. But this is incorrect, or at least it is the case only perversely: the misery and the increased repression produced by the war undoubtedly added to the electorate's rejection of Ortega, but the contras did not push the Sandinistas into holding elections. They drove the Sandinistas away from elections. The contra policy increased support for the Sandinistas, and made the country more accepting of the Sandinista identification of their cause with Nicaragua's. Many who disliked Sandinista policies held their tongues until the war was won, not out of fear but out of patriotism. Nobody becomes a democrat under siege. For the Sandinistas, and the Nicaraguans as a whole, turning over power would have been inconceivable before they had won the war.

The contra war was immoral, among other reasons, because the decade's "happy" ending—the Sandinista acceptance of the bourgeois democracy and market economy that the party had once scorned—would have come faster and with less suffering without it. The Soviet bloc would have pulled its support away, war or no war. Serious elections would have been embraced in Nicaragua, as they have been almost everywhere, war or no war. The Ortega brothers' wing of Sandinismo, dogmatic in rhetoric but flexible in practice, would have won out and moved the economy away from Marxism, war or no war. And the Sandinistas were quite capable of destroying their economy without American help, war or no war.

No war was necessary to ruin the revolution. Revolutions have a way of getting there on their own. This now seems so obvious that it is hard to remember the expectations the world held for the Sandinistas in 1979. But it is important to recall that moment, and why it was not to be.

Luis Carrión was born the eldest son of one of Nicaragua's wealthiest men. His parents' scrapbook records his national medals for scholarship, for horsemanship, skill at swimming. One photo shows him receiving a gold watch as the best student at his high school, Nicaragua's most traditional and prestigious. Anastasio Somoza presents him with the watch. "He's not political, is he?" Somoza asks Carrión's father.

At the time, the elder Carrión could truthfully answer no. He was raising his son to be a banker and an industrialist, and Luis had shown none of the political curiosity that infected young people all over the world in the late 1960s. Carrión finished high school at Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire and enrolled at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. But gradually, influenced by the American anti-war movement, by the copy of *La Prensa* that his parents sent him each week, and by a course in Marxism taught by a conservative professor, he joined the left.

Carrión moved back to Nicaragua, enrolled at the National University, and with eleven other wealthy students formed the University Community, a commune that preached Catholic liberation theology in the poor Managua neighborhood of Riguero. Carrión worked at organizing the barrio and gave speeches to Christian base communities about capitalist exploitation and imperialism. "I rejected the arbitrariness, the political repression, the running over of people in general," he told me years later. He protested the censorship of *La Prensa*, the breaking up of demonstrations, the repression of unions, and the mistreatment of political prisoners. He protested the inequality and the exploitation of capitalism.

Soon the University Community caught the eye of the Sandinista Front. Carrión, who had broken with his father, used the family mansion as a safe house when his parents were on safari in Africa. He stole his father's rifles before vanish-

OPEN ENTERPRISES
The intelligent way to buy sex toys, books and videos — from catalogs that are friendly, informative and fun! Toy catalog $2, Book & video catalog $2, Both $3
1210 Valencia St. #NR
San Francisco, CA 94110

PROTECT YOUR COPIES OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

These custom-made titled cases are ideal to protect your valuable copies of *The New Republic* from damage. They're designed to hold a year's issues (may vary with issue sizes), constructed with reinforced board, and covered with durable leather-like material in flag blue. Title is hot-stamped in silver and cases are V-notched for easy access.

1–$7.95 3–$21.95 6–$39.95

The New Republic
Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. TNR
499 East Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134

Enclosed is $_____ for ____cases. Add $1.00 per case for postage and handling. Outside USA $2.50 per case (US funds only). PA residents add 6% sales tax.

Print
Name _____
Address _____
No P.O. Box Numbers Please
City _____
State/Zip _____

CHARGE ORDERS (Minimum $15): AmEx, Visa, MC, DC accepted. Send card name, #, Exp. date.
Call Toll Free 7 days, 24 hrs,1-800-825-6690.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing underground. He surfaced as a Sandinista brigade commander, and then as the youngest of the nine comandantes who formed the Sandinista National Directorate. On July 19, 1979, the day Managua fell, 26-year-old Luis Carrión became, in the furthest possible way from his father's wishes, a leader of his country.

Time began that day. People lined the streets to cheer and to throw flowers as Sandinista fighters streamed into Managua from all over the country. Nicaragua was dazed, euphoric. People wandered around, singing and hugging total strangers. In the afternoon all Managua packed into the central plaza, waving red and black Sandinista flags and ignoring the speeches of the comandantes.

On July 20, however, the hangover set in. Nicaragua awoke to realize that there were no courts, no congress, no army, no ministries, no bureaucrats. "The nine of us had never gotten together to talk about how to run a government," Carrión told me. "We had the Frente platform, but it was vague. The confusion was total. The immensity of the task, the total anarchy hit us." The compañeros knew how to run a revolution: they could design posters, spray-paint walls, hold meetings, make bombs. They could blow up power lines, but they could not reconnect them. They could make speeches, but running a ministry was something else. Nobody would take orders. Everybody was a revolutionary hero. And revolutionary heroes did not want to be told to mix cement. A mayor's office could be shut down for days because no one knew where to find typewriter ribbons.

To workers, the day of the Triumph was Emancipation Day. On many farms they could now knock off at 10:00 a.m. Campesinos had access to easy credit, in cash. Factory workers suddenly demanded reduced hours and better wages and shut down their factories with strikes if their demands were rejected. The more the workers found to enjoy in the Workers' State, however, the more alarmed the government became. The Sandinistas had inherited a national treasury with enough hard currency to last exactly two days. Nicaragua had always suffered from an uneducated work force and a lack of roads and infrastructure. Now there were more problems: the destruction caused by the war; leaders short on experience and organization; lack of money to import goods such as fertilizer.

Nicaragua needed more production, not less. But the campesinos tended to see their new credits as the spoils of the revolution, not as a scarce resource to invest. They did what they normally did when they had cash. They got drunk, and if there was anything left over they bought transistor radios. The old system of production had been corrupt and inefficient, but at least it had produced something. What replaced it was general chaos. City-dwellers now had cheaper food and a weekly free-market basket of the basics, but the peasants received practically nothing for their crops; it was cheaper to buy beans and corn at a government store than to grow them. Food production dropped. Speculation soared. Strikes crippled the factories. The revolution was in danger of starving itself to death.

Meanwhile the wealthy were moving their money abroad. Trapped by their own rhetoric, which had raised workers' expectations to unrealistic levels and frightened away capital, the Sandinistas began to use coercion. They started to expropriate more land and more factories, usually making the announcements before large, cheering crowds. As guerrillas, the Sandinistas had encouraged peasants to take over plots on large plantations; as ministers, the Sandinistas punished such land invasions. They canceled the traditional Easter Week paid vacation. They passed a law forbidding work stoppages and strikes.

Vice Minister of the Interior Carrión's speeches reflected the revolution's contradictions. "What would the consequences of a general strike be?" he said in 1984. "Whose interests would be served by the instability and impact on production that would result? Would it benefit the working class or the people? Evidently not." Instead, he argued, strikes divert the workers' energy from the crucial task of fighting the imperialist aggressors. He spoke in favor of censorship. He told Frente cadres in 1984 that as long as imperialism existed, they would have to have every able-bodied citizen in the militias—"and not just for a short time, but for the duration."

He was right about that last one, and he had the entire history of Nicaragua, which has spent more time under U.S. Marine occupation than any country in the world, to cite as proof. And if more proof was needed, there was the contra war. The war reaffirmed the Sandinistas' belief that the party was the revolution, which was the people, which was Nicaragua. And if the Sandinistas were, by definition, the people, then logic decreed that the enemies of the Sandinistas were the enemies of the people.

And so politicians, labor leaders, and journalists made frequent visits to Carrión's jails. They were not tortured, but they were often kept naked in cold, dark cubicles and subject to threats, sometimes arrested without charges and held incommunicado. "You have to understand the conditions of the country," Carrión told me. "To make an arrest public right away was to lose the possibility of a quick raid to recover arms or bombs. It was not ideal, but it was the lesser evil under the circumstances." I asked about the *turbas*, the "divine mobs" of armed young people that attacked opposition political gatherings. The police always arrived late. "The police had more important things to do," he said. "Excesses will always occur."

The Sandinistas' rhetoric introduced the poor to the novel concept that the people have power. And power is important—but it is not the same as rights. For six years Nicaraguans had no right to habeas corpus; for seven years, no right to strike. At the war's end there was still no freedom of assembly, and the government could close any communications medium without a trial. The ersatz courts of the People's Anti-Somocista Tribunals meted out vengeance, not justice.

What was most surprising about the Sandinistas' human rights record, in fact, was that it was not worse. "Even at their most repressive the Sandinistas never ruled with anything near the level of savagery that was accepted as routine in other parts of Central America," Kinzer writes. The contras and the governments of El Salvador and Guatemala ("fledgling democracies," the Reagan administration persisted in calling them) were far more brutal. The Sandinistas' restraint was notable in light of several different factors driving them toward the use of repression: Nicaragua had always been an authoritarian society lacking the rule of law; the revolution was under attack by the most powerful nation on earth; and the Sandinistas had long regarded a large sector of their own society as an enemy.

Many Sandinistas had spent years in the mountains or in jail under torture. Somoza's Guard had tortured and killed Interior Minister Tomas Borge's wife. Ortega's time in prison, writes Kinzer, was not brutal,

> yet despite all this, seven years in prison, particularly if they came between the ages of 21 and 29 as they did for Daniel Ortega, must necessarily sear a person's psyche. Forever afterward Ortega bore a scar near his right eye from a cut inflicted during his 1967 interrogation, and I always assumed that his years in jail had also left other, less visible, scars.

Guerrilla warfare is poor training for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democracy. Guerrillas who come to power do not usually make fine distinctions about who is and is not an appropriate target. "Excesses will always occur," Carrión said. It was true, and it was the best argument there is against armed revolution.

As the years went by, Nicaraguans became more and more cynical about the revolution. At first they had been serious about creating the New Man. The New Man built his country by joining the militias, being a watchman for the revolution, picking more coffee, working Saturdays, working Sundays, always vigilant, always producing, always conscientious, clean, brave, thrifty, cheerful, and kind to animals, with boundless confidence in the revolution and its National Directorate.

But the appeal of being a New Man began to wane as the country got poorer. It was eroded especially fast by the fact that some party officials were *not* getting poorer. True, Somoza had owned banks, jewelry stores, a newspaper, hotels, radio and TV stations, an airline, furniture store chains, 400 farms and factories that produced milk, cigars, paper, oil, and sugar. Sandinista corruption meant using a favorable exchange rate to import a Lada automobile from Russia, but the Lada seemed worse. In the beginning people joined the party because they believed in Sandinismo. Later they joined because they believed in good jobs and access to imported products. The old slogans took on ironic subtexts, were spoken in quotation marks. Sandinista opponents loved to call their country "Nicaragua libre." They loved the phrases "the workers' state" and "the Triumph." Even many of the compañeros smiled slightly when they used the word compañero, or *compa*. Calling someone a *compa* had lost its old meaning of "we're in this together." It came to mean "I play by the rules, fella. What about you?" It had become a wink.

Then in 1988, with inflation soaring (it would peak at 30,000 percent a year), the Sandinistas slowly began to reverse their economic policies. Over the next two years they turned Nicaragua toward a free market economy, lifting subsidies and state controls and slashing government spending. By 1989 private producers were now free to sell what they wished to whom they wished, and to import what they wished. Prices had shot up and wages down. A worker in 1989 made $15 a month, barely enough to buy beans and rice for one person. Markets, once full of people poking at empty shelves, now were laden with products but bereft of shoppers. Hospitals had no syringes, sheets, gloves, or penicillin, and the toilets didn't always work. "I can't be emotional," Carrión told me in 1989, as the campaign was beginning. "Hyperinflation was going to destroy us. This was the only choice. We had no economic policy during the war; it was a political policy, determined by the need to defend the revolution. And we've had the embargo, the brain drain. It was never possible to get new credits from the banks."

Here we were back at those harsh realities, which for Carrión meant the United States. "It will be this way as long as the United States is an imperialist power," he said. "So why bother?" I asked. "If the United States is always going to bring so many troubles to a revolution, isn't it irresponsible to have a revolution in the first place?" There's something to that, Carrión said, to my surprise. "In many countries there are advances that can be made to widen the spaces of sovereignty, open up political participation, democratize, work together to overcome economic blackmail and political pressure without a revolution. You have to support these democratic advances. Maybe you can postpone the moment of revolution." Still, he said, in some cases, people have no alternative.

In April 1990, six months after I saw him last, the revolution dissolved itself. (This fall Carrión will begin studies in economics at Harvard's Kennedy School.) Daniel Ortega placed the presidential sash on the shoulders of Violeta Chamorro, and thereby accomplished his most revolutionary feat: returning to Nicaragua the bourgeois democracy that the Sandinistas had derided. The revolution had been necessary because change through elections was impossible, and now it was the revolution that honored Nicaragua's political will for the first time. Ortega's last act was the first step in the revolution that Nicaragua really needed: the replacement of the rule of power with the rule of law.

It was a small step, but perhaps it was the best the Sandinistas could do. Establishing the rule of law in societies that have never known it may be too much to ask of those who take power through arms. Still, as Krauss shows, it also seems to be beyond the grasp of governments that take power through the ballot. Democracy in Central America flourishes only in the country in which it has always flourished: Costa Rica is a democracy because history blessed it with poverty and isolation during the conquest. It was the farthest Central American country from Guatemala, the colonial seat, and it offered the Spaniards no minerals and, most important, no Indian population to be enslaved. Landholders could not profitably own more land than they could farm themselves, creating a society of yeoman farmers lacking the class differences plantation agriculture established in the rest of the region.

It has proved difficult, however, to break the social patterns of countries to whom history has been less kind. The presidencies of José Napoleón Duarte in El Salvador and Vinicio Cerezo in Guatemala, both centrists who took office amid great hopes, were affairs of Greek tragedy. Voicing their determination to break their countries' traditions and to impose the rule of law, they brought unprecedented corruption and left death squads untouched and their militaries unchallenged. "Before, Cerezo went before the U.S. Congress as a human rights advocate," writes Krauss. "Now as president, he had to ask for aid and bridle at liberal complaints he once would have made himself."

Even those who remember the past, it seems, are condemned to repeat it. Central America is still groping to break the tyranny of its conquest, finding the answer neither in reform nor revolution. Revolution does not create a just and free society, only a glorious moment of illusion. This is perhaps the saddest truth of the Sandinistas' failure: we are, after all, the children of our history.

TINA ROSENBERG is a visiting fellow at the Overseas Development Council. Her book on violence in Latin America, *Children of Cain*, will be published this month by Morrow.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 6*

ties for women might seriously endanger the lives of women who undergo botched abortions but decline to seek necessary medical care for fear of criminal penalties. This position reflects a public policy decision that women shouldn't pay with their lives for abortions. Doctors regularly profiting from performing abortions, on the other hand, would never find themselves facing such a fatal threat.

HELEN M. ALVARE
Washington, D.C.
The writer is director of planning and information for the Secretariat for Pro-Life Activities.

To the editors:

The absolute moral position on abortion is even more severe than Michael Kinsley suggests. Many fertilized human em-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bryos, perhaps most, do not end up permanently embedded in the uterine lining. Think of it: literally millions and millions of tiny Americans obliterated each year—all because their mothers decided to get out of bed on the morning after. If we legally define human life to begin at conception, I can see no morally consistent alternative but to require all women to lie flat in bed for five days or so after each sexual episode.

SID NELSON JR.
Hudson, Ohio

Gender scoring

To the editors:

James Workman's article on women in the Foreign Service ("Gender Norming," July 1) contained errors and reached false conclusions of preferential treatment. First, the article is mistaken in its description of the origins and goals of the class action lawsuit by women Foreign Service officers and applicants. It was organized in 1976 by Alison Palmer, an FSO African expert repeatedly turned down for African assignments. I was then president of the Women's Action Organization (WAO) and personally joined the suit. Its goal was to end discrimination and get relief for such past damage to women's careers.

The article leaves the impression that the State Department moved quickly to remove the discrimination claimed in the lawsuit. On the contrary, except for early talks on out-of-court settlements on the entrance examination and a midlevel hiring program, State was disdainful of the suit and did little to change procedures most harmful to women FSOs.

More than half of "Gender Norming" dealt with the written entrance examination, confusing to most under the best of conditions. Here, however, the author failed to address the core of his argument: Does the written exam select out for appointment those most likely to perform their Foreign Service duties well, or is it biased, filtering out qualified and promising women (and minorities)?

The State Department itself never defended before the court the job relevance of its written exam to select applicants or the correlation of higher scores and better job performance. Yet the job-relevance of scoring is central to the preference in hiring. (This was not an issue of contention at the 1985 trial or the 1986 appeal, contrary to Mr. Workman's assertion.)

Palmer v. *Baker* is important for its legal precedence in civil rights cases based on "disparate impact" and as a human tale of women who fought to get their qualifications and potential recognized. Both of these aspects were poorly covered in this article. There is another reason for its importance: as a high-ranking State official told WAO in 1970, "How can we hope to solve the world's problems with only half of the world's brains?"

MARGUERITE COOPER
Washington, D.C.

Madison's avenue

To the editors:

Czeslaw Milosz's admirable article on the problems of church and state in Poland ("A Theocratic State?" July 8) testifies to the continuing vitality of the discussions surrounding the American founding. Mr. Milosz relies on Thomas Jefferson for the argument that only a separation of church and state can enable religion to thrive without coercion. But on this point it is really James Madison, among the Founders, who most deserves citation. On the use of state funds in Poland to support religious instruction, Madison's *Memorial and Remonstrance* against a similar measure proposed in Virginia in 1784 remains the *locus classicus* for its tightly constructed argument in favor of "mutual independence" of governmental and religious bodies, as the condition "most friendly to practical Religion, to social harmony, and to political prosperity."

JOSIAH LEE AUSPITZ
Somerville, Massachusetts

Ahem

To the editors:

As a tenth-generation American, I marvel at Sidney Blumenthal's acute perception in identifying the WASP traits that John Sununu seeks to emulate ("The Genius," July 29): intellectual exhibitionism (the Mensa membership); the need for abject servility (a carry-over from plantation days?); yelling and screaming obscenities; rude impulsiveness and violence; social insecurity; compulsive social climbing; conspicuous consumption; and, of course, anti-Semitism.

That pegs us pretty well. But how did he ever manage to miss well-poisoning and, my personal favorite, farting in elevators?

B. CLAIBORNE EDMUNDS
New York, New York

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

TRB *continued from page 4*

For a while it looked as if noblesse oblige might actually be an issue in next year's campaign. Apparently Bush's lack of it was one of the factors tempting Jay Rockefeller into the race for the Democratic nomination. Reportedly Rockefeller's distaste for Bush outweighs his distaste for Ronald Reagan precisely because he feels Bush should know better. According to *The Economist*, "Mr. Rockefeller loathes Mr. Bush with a passion that sets the listener aback" because he feels that Bush has "sold his New England aristocrat's soul for the pleasures of high office, so betraying his class." A great quote: "My uncle Nelson was in Republican politics for years, and that never happened to him."

It would have taken a while to wrap your brain around the idea of a Democratic nominee for president named John D. Rockefeller IV. No doubt the Bush team was already thinking that if they could portray Michael Dukakis as a snooty elitist, doing the same to a Rockefeller would be a piece of Marie Antoinette's cake. But Dukakis was extraordinarily inept to let that happen. With any skill at all on Rockefeller's part, Bush's own background could have neutralized the blue-blood issue. That is why Rockefeller may have been foolish if he thinks '96 will be a better year for him.

The 1988 Bush campaign was devastatingly skillful in its systematic belittling of Dukakis. The threshold problem for the 1992 Democrat, facing a war-winning incumbent, will be to seem large enough to be president. A six-foot-six-inch Rockefeller seems large. Polls were showing Rockefeller coming in second to Mario Cuomo among the Democratic likelies, and this can't be for any reason other than his name.

But maybe this spirit of cap-doffing is an unseemly basis for reviving the presidential hopes of the party of the people. Despite the evidence of "Dynasty" and "Dallas," it is sometimes hard to believe that very rich people have any serious problems. Or at least it is hard to believe that they can empathize with problems involving jobs, mortgages, health insurance, and the other strains of middle-class life. For the more straightforward us-against-them approach, we now have Tom Harkin—not a little man, at about six feet, but a fiery populist who makes his pitch on the basis of empathy rather than sympathy. There'll be no noblesse oblige from him.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

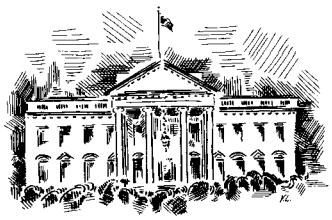
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Pennsylvania dreamin'

RICHARD L. 'DICK' THORNBURGH, the outgoing attorney general, has been a great disappointment of late. In the 1970s he was a liberal Republican, as moderate Republicans were then called, believe it or not. These admirable souls, already a thinning breed nationally, were still fairly common in Pennsylvania. As a lawyer, Thornburgh was active in the (cover your ears, children) American Civil Liberties Union. As a prosecutor and then as governor, he opposed school prayer and the death penalty and supported the Equal Rights Amendment, gun control, and the decriminalization of such victimless offenses as sodomy and pot smoking. In 1987 he and his wife, Ginny, suddenly materialized in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he became director of the Kennedy School's Institute of Politics. I was working in the same building at the time, and my impression was that Thornburgh was a civilized person who had nothing discernible in common with the icky life forms inhabiting his party's nether depths. He had a preoccupied air, as if he had something larger on his mind than one little institute. This something larger, it now seems safe to say, was his ambition.

A YEAR LATER THORNBURGH ascended to the Reagan Cabinet. At Justice he stanched the sleaze that had been oozing through the corridors, creating a nasty odor. Bush kept Thornburgh on, and he compiled a reasonably good record in a few safe areas, such as the protection of the disabled. In most ways, though, Thornburgh proved no better than his predecessor, Ed Meese. Dismayingly, Thornburgh embraced the agenda of the social-issue mullahs. Where once (in a 1974 article in *The ABA Journal*) he had advocated making all persons wishing to buy pistols obtain licenses complete with photograph and fingerprints, now he led the administration's efforts to kill the innocuous Brady bill, with its timid little one-week waiting period. Where once he had called the dismantling of Pennsylvania's electric chair an occasion for civic pride, now he pushed for an Elizabethan bloodfest of fifty-odd new federal crimes to be made punishable by death. Since he's too intelligent to think that this proposal or the administration's related proposal to destroy the federal habeas corpus rights of state prisoners will do anything to reduce crime, one is forced to the conclusion that something darker than stupidity is at work. The most charitable interpretation is that our man has cut a Faustian deal, going along with meretricious nonsense now so as to gain the prize of greater power later, which power he can then deploy in the service of what he really believes. Anyhow, that's how people usually justify such deals to themselves. Now Thornburgh has quit to run for the Senate, and after that it'll be the presidency. On his way out the door, he threw the government's weight behind the anti-abortion fanatics currently driving Wichita, Kansas, nuts.



WITH THORNBURGH as Bush's A.G. (as with Clarence Thomas as Bush's Supreme Court nominee), any likely alternative could easily be worse. That, happily, is not true of the Senate seat, where the alternative is very much better. That alternative is Harris Wofford, the Democratic incumbent. At the moment, Senator Wofford holds the seat by appointment, having been named to fill it three months ago by Governor Robert P. Casey after the death in an airplane crash of Senator John Heinz, a (moderate) Republican. Casey conducted a lengthy search and offered the job to several big names, including Lee Iacocca. Only then did he turn to Wofford, which shows that there is such a thing as scraping the top of the barrel. Harris Wofford, 65 years old, is just what the Founders had in mind when they decided America should have senators, à la Rome. He's wise, cultivated, and public-spirited, with unparalleled personal experience of public issues at the international, national, and state levels, and a proven fighter for justice. And I'm not just saying this because he's a friend of the family. It's true that in 1949 my late parents, both old India hands, got to know young Harris and Clare Wofford, who were on their way to India for the first time. But this long acquaintance (I was six) simply means that I know what I'm talking about.

A FEW WOFFORD FACTS: GREAT-grandson of a Confederate colonel. Service in the Army Air Force at the tail end of World War II. B.A., University of Chicago. Law degrees not only from Yale but also from Howard, where he was the first white law student since the 1910s. In the late '50s, friend of Martin Luther King Jr., whose visit to India he arranged, and counsel to Father Theodore Hesburgh, one of the original six members of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. In the '60s, a key operative in John F. Kennedy's presidential campaign, then JFK's White House assistant for civil rights, then a high official of the Peace Corps, then founding president of the State University of New York's College at Old Westbury. Jailed by Daley's cops at the '68 Chicago Democratic convention (his cellmate was Murray Kempton); campaigned for Humphrey anyhow. In the '70s, first male president of Bryn Mawr College, where he resisted political correctness before such resistance was fashionable. In the 1980s, author of a terrific memoir (*Of Kennedys and Kings: Making Sense of the Sixties*), Philadelphia lawyer, and Pennsylvania secretary of labor and industry in Governor Casey's Cabinet.

WHAT THE BALD résumé doesn't reveal, though, is Wofford's ability to leverage history. The best-known, though by no means the only, instance of this came shortly before the 1960 election. Martin Luther King had been jailed on trumped-up charges in rural Georgia, and his wife feared for his life. Late at night, after Kennedy's more hard-nosed advisers had left the room, Wofford got Kennedy's brother-in-law Sargent Shriver to get Kennedy to call Mrs. King and offer sympathy and support. This seemingly innocuous human gesture, almost unreported in the press, had seismic effects. Black voters, who had split 60-40 for the Republicans in 1956, went 70-30 Democratic. The 1960 squeaker was one of those victories that has a thousand fathers, but analysts as varied as Theodore White and Dwight Eisenhower settled on the King phone call as the decisive factor.

GOD KNOWS IF ANY OF THIS WILL cut any ice with the good people of Pennsylvania come November 5. Thornburgh starts out with a huge lead in the polls, whereas Wofford's public image is nicely summarized by the headline the *York Daily Record* put over its story on his appointment: CASEY TAPS UNKNOWN FOR SENATE. Wofford's people note that both of Thornburgh's gubernatorial victories were by very narrow margins. Given the stature of the candidates and the fact that there will be no other Senate races this year, blanket coverage is assured. This one could get interesting.

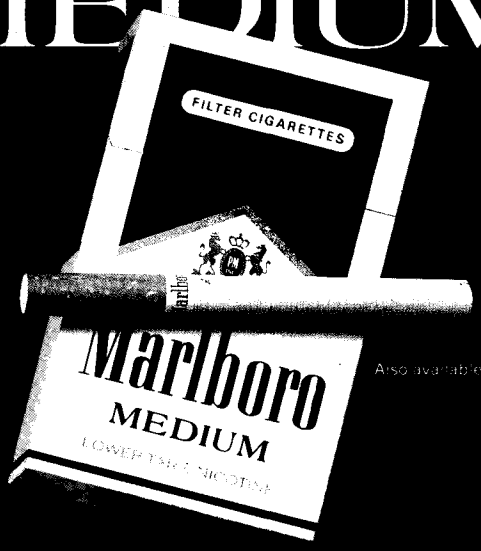
HENDRIK HERTZBERG

RECEIVED
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755
AUG 20 1991

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next to hearin' the chuck iron ring, nothin' sounds better to a cowboy than the jingle of his spurs.

NEW Marlboro MEDIUM



Also available in soft pack

A new low tar cigarette. When you want more flavor.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

12 mg "tar" 0.8 mg nicotine av per cigarette by FTC method

© Philip Morris Inc. 1991

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED